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THE MIRROR

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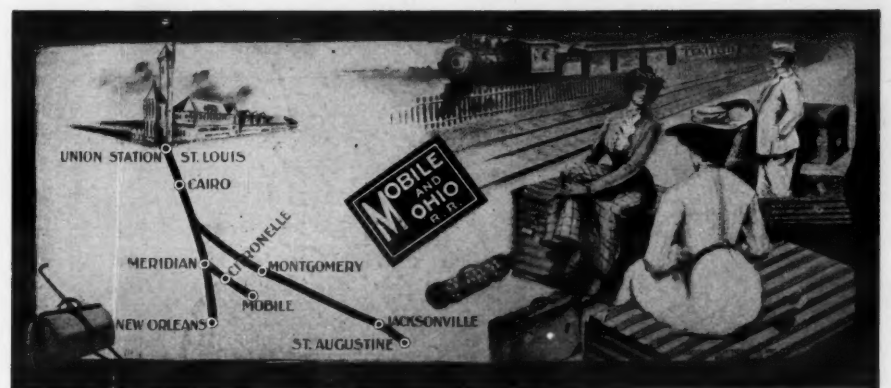
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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The Social Aspects of the World's Fair

By William Marion Reedy

MULTITUDINOUSLY the meanings of the World's Fair are being borne in upon us. We are just beginning to realize its magnitude as a spectacle through attempts to get around the grounds and see what is to be seen. From the impressions received from its comparative incompleteness we are beginning to apprehend what it will be when all the exhibits shall have been duly installed. The attendance has not been as good as anticipated, because of the weather and because of the general knowledge that the Fair will not be actually in full blast for a few weeks to come. Nevertheless, the beginning has been made upon the programme in the carrying out of which the success of the World's Fair must be achieved. The congregation here of three such conventions as the Press Congress, the Federation of Women's Clubs and the Good Roads advocates brings together people of importance united in common interests and makes for a certain patronage for the Fair that may be depended upon. There are hundreds of such gatherings scheduled for meeting here during the Fair period and the membership of the gatherings to be held will run well up into figures which will guarantee that the Fair will not be a failure as far as the patronage of the public is concerned. This concentration at St. Louis of many organizations whose annual meetings in furtherance of their special interests are made to contribute to the Fair patronage is the chief guarantee that the enterprise will not fall behind others in the matter of attendance. These conventions and congresses are important in that the work to be done thereat illustrates how the World's Fair is the means of bringing together for common purpose the men and women who are doing the important work of the world in all lines of effort. The World's Fair is a sort of universal parliament for the discussion of all the movements that are designed to help the world along. It brings people of like interests together as they have never been brought together before. The Fair as a social force has never been equalled. There are more meetings of men and women who are bound together by a common interest in this or that science, art, reform, business or form of culture who will here be brought into personal contact than have ever been assembled in the history of the world. This is the Fair at which one is sure to meet the people one wants to meet to talk over the subjects dearest to one's own heart. This Fair is not a show at which everyone "goes it alone." It is distinctly and distinctively a social Fair, in the broadest sense. It affords an unexampled, unprecedented opportunity for the perfection of acquaintance between people from all the ends of the earth. No stretching of the imagination is required to enable one to see that it is this bringing of people into closer relations of friendship that is going to make this Fair most effective in the promotion of better feeling throughout the world. From this Fair will radiate

influences and efforts that are destined to have the most important bearing upon the future of civilization. This broader social feature of the Fair is well emphasized in the intensity of activity in the narrow social sense. There never was a Fair at which there were so many social functions. The receptions by the representatives of the various foreign governments and the States of the Union constitute a feature of the Fair the importance of which cannot be overestimated. The people from everywhere are meeting in a way to establish relationships that shall extend in innumerable ramifications over the globe. The Fair is, as it were, a new cosmopolitan city in which there is devotion to social life which has for its end the closer acquaintance of the people who make up the great temporary cosmopolis. There is no end, apparently, to the functions, and never before were there social functions so interesting for the variety of their constituent individualities. This social life of the Fair is full of picturesque effects. It is full of newness and surprise. It has the charm of the curious. It affords opportunity for comparisons between people and races. It is a fine field in which to study racial traits and graces and manners. And, best of all, it is a feature of the life of the Fair that makes for a wider tolerance of opinion, for a broader sense of human kinship, for a spread of the spirit of democracy over the earth. The dignitaries, the notables, the celebrities of all lands in all lines of effort are seen at close range. They certainly must find the Americans very much like themselves in essence, and the Americans must impress them as being singularly *au courant* with the affairs of all the earth, for a new people. This social feature of the Fair, while very interesting and unique, has its disadvantages. It is getting to be a tremendous strain upon the St. Louisans who have to keep up their end of the continual "go." There is no such thing as accepting half the invitations that rain in upon one in every mail. There is something "on" for every hour of the day and far into the night. Those ladies who have to make good for St. Louis socially are undertaking a frightful task, while the men who are called upon to represent at the functions are taking desperate chances upon unfitting themselves for attendance to their regular business affairs. We need not be surprised if, before the Fair is half way over, we shall have to chronicle the collapse of many distinguished St. Louisans from the same causes that brought about the indisposition and temporary retirement of Secretary of War Taft. Still, this is one of the penalties of the Fair. We have summoned the world here and we must show the world attention, even though the inevitable result thereof is dyspepsia, gastritis and nervous prostration. We must pay for our Fair and pay to the limit, in this as in other ways, like increased rent, increased cost of living, etc. Is it worth the price? Yes. The Fair is a beautiful thing. It is a thing that advances the

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world in all high ways. It will give to the future benefits we do not now see, as a result of our present rack and strain. What too many of us thought was to prove a holiday is going to demonstrate itself as hard work. Most of us will lose money. As President Francis says, St. Louisans do not expect one cent of their investment to be returned. St. Louis looks to greater returns than mere money as a result of this Fair. It expects those returns to be made in the far future—and that the returns will be educational, elevating, spiritual. Only the myopic despond. Only the narrow-minded and shallow-souled speak dismally because the crowds are not spending dollars plentifully. The crowds will come later on, and many dollars will they leave behind; but what matters most is that our contact with the world during the Fair should make St. Louis a greater, fairer city by virtue of the enlargement of the minds and hearts of its citizens. The Fair is not going to be a "bloomer." It may possibly disappoint some people who have looked upon it as an opportunity for profitable "graft." It may not be the picnic the fakirs have thought it would be. It may not make the average St. Louis business man rich in pocket, but it should

make everyone here the richer in those treasures which "moth nor rust doth corrupt," and which thieves cannot steal. This Fair, as I take it, should beautify the lives of St. Louisans-to-be much as the gathering of objects of beauty and the suggestions of fine thoughts were focused, in the old Greek days, about the woman who was about to become a mother that the child might be beautiful in body, in mind, in spirit. And nothing can be more productive of mental and spiritual enlargement than the meeting of men and women of all countries for exchange of courtesies which, however formal, have their foundation and origin in a feeling of consideration and sympathy for others. When people get to know each other, hate becomes impossible, and love must prevail. The stranger, in the older languages, was synonymous with the enemy, and the word for hatred was originally only significant of not seeing a person. After this World's Fair of ours, surely, the people of the earth must be less strangers one to another than before, and hence the great event must be considered chiefly as a festival of peace and a more clearly realized fraternity among men.

It is about time that St. Louis should recognize him as the best there is. The rest of the country is already awake to him, and it is not without the possibilities that here in July he may be "called up higher."



The College of Journalism.

THE World's Press Congress did well at its Tuesday session in endorsing Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's endowment of a College of Journalism. Mr. Pulitzer's idea, as presented recently in the *North American Review*, is a splendid and noble one. Moreover, it is thoroughly practical. Mr. Pulitzer is a strange blend of the idealist or dreamer and of the practical man. He has made most of his dreams come true through sheer working power. He knows journalism if any one man may be said to know that universalist profession. He has made the greatest personal success ever known in the profession and he has left the imprint of his personality upon it more ineradicably than any man other than Greeley or Dana. If this man who revolutionized journalism and gave it the present tremendous efficiency for good—not unmixed with evil—says that journalism can be taught, then it must be so. He has certainly taught the world some great, good things in journalism. His *North American Review* article is a masterly exposition of his idea—eminently sane and clear, yet not without those *coloratura* touches of exalted visionariness which marks the man's career and ideas even as they marked Disraeli in English politics. Mr. Pulitzer takes high ground. He scorns the idea that journalism is a business and nothing more. He maintains that if great journalists have been made in the past without such training as he designs his college should give, greater journalists will be made in future by that training. He pleads for an exaltation of the profession by making it a science and an art devoted to the service of mankind and providing for it a method whereby the forces of journalism may more quickly and directly attain that end of human betterment. The World's Press Congress knows an idea when it sees it, and its endorsement of this idea of Mr. Pulitzer is the best reply that has yet been made to those who have described it as a fantastic dream. The College of Journalism is approved by those who best know the need thereof.



Gov. Dockery.

WHY should the Folk forces in Missouri turn down Governor Dockery in his aspiration to be a delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention? He "ain't done nothin'."



National Democratic Politics.

NEW YORK's Parker boom is being pushed along with much pertinacity in the other States, but there does not seem to be much spirit in the movement. It lacks spontaneity and is palpably machine-made. It is manufactured just as plainly as the Hearst movement. The Hearst movement, while bigger than some people suppose, is not as formidable as other people believe. It is not plain that the bonds between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan are as close as some people assert. Each of these men is playing for his own hand, and no further. It seems rational to suppose that the National Democratic Convention, to be held in this city in July, will not nominate Mr. Hearst when New York's organization is against him. It is also logical to argue that Mr. Parker cannot carry New York with Tammany Hall determined to knife him at the polls. Tammany has Mayor McClellan up its sleeve, but the Democrats

REFLECTIONS



Our D. R. F.

BEHOLD the wonder of our World's Fair of wonders—David R. Francis! Talk about strenuousness! He has Theodore Roosevelt beaten a city block. A hustler! He is *it*. His activities are more multifarious than those of Emperor William. Speechmaking! He has Chauncey Depew talked to, a standstill, and without any chestnuts, either. His day is about eighteen hours long and there's always something doing throughout its lively length. He dictates letters, gives audiences, opens exhibits, dedicates buildings, wrestles with contractors and concessionaires, jollies politicians looking for jobs, takes lunch with a polyglot group, goes out and extinguishes a fire, presides at a directors' meeting, opens this convention and that congress, receives and reads reports, signs his name five hundred times or more, has his photograph taken at least a dozen times with various groups of celebrities, then dines with this or that celebrity, or banquets with two or three organizations between 7:30 and 11 o'clock p. m., then holds a conference at the St. Louis Club until 12:30 and catches the 1 o'clock owl car for home, reading a package of late special delivery mail. And there are other things he does in between times, such as speaking with people in New York or Chicago over the long distance telephone. His day is laid out like a train schedule from about 9 o'clock in the morning, when he dictates letters on his way to the Fair Grounds in a carriage, until the noon of night, when he is still doing something for the Fair. And he never seems to tire. His face doesn't show the faintest trace of worry. He is always there with a smile and the right word or a clap on the shoulder. Nothing ruffles him. He is suave and smooth when everybody around him is "up in the air." He seems to carry everything in his head. He moves quickly, but without too apparent haste. He doesn't forget names or faces. He can always be stopped for just a word and for a long minute he listens as if what he is listening to is the most important matter in the world. He never makes anyone feel that the person is boring him. He never makes anybody wait longer than is necessary by reason of those who made

prior claim upon his time. And when you get to him and talk business he surprises you by talking about other things desultorily to break the strain and throwing in a little funny story to brighten things up. And "Dave" can tell a good story very well. There are no frills upon the World's Fair president. It's appalling how many people there are who speak to him beginning, "Say, Dave!" The way he has of recalling details of former meetings, of letters written weeks ago, is uncanny. Perhaps he's at his best in the evening, when he is at some gathering where ladies predominate. He's a ladies' man, is D. R. F. He knows the little nothings to say as if they were something. He knows how to come in and how to get away. D. R. F. is as artistic a flitter as was ever known. He is an encyclopedia of information. He talks art, science, sport, politics, education, manufactures, war—anything. And he does so in three languages. It is safe to say that there is not now on this planet a busier man than David R. Francis or a man who is more gracefully busy. How he does it is the continual wonderment of all who know him and see him under his tremendous pressure. He has been doing it, though not always with quite the intensity of to-day, for about three years, and it seems not to tell upon him at all. His public duties as head of the World's Fair are not all that occupy him, for he keeps pretty well in touch with the details of his large private business and is said to be just as much "up to snuff" in the market as he was in the days before he was a World's Fair president. Those who have long associated with Mr. Francis declare that the World's Fair work and worry have mellowed him into a greater richness of disposition than was his before. He has not been hardened by his difficulties, but has been softened by his experiences until he is much more sympathetic to others than he was when he was Mayor of St. Louis and Governor of Missouri. D. R. F. is the most remarkable feature of the World's Fair, and when he and it are rightly considered, one may rightly say that the enterprise in all its bigness seems little when contrasted with the man who runs it and runs it well in spite of all the hordes of kickers and calumniators.

of the West are not yet, to all appearances, ready to march behind Tammany. Mr. Bryan's attitude threatens a bolt, and the more Mr. Cleveland says about bond issues and the Debs strike and other features of his administration the more hostile the radical Democrats become towards Parker, whom Mr. Cleveland supports. Silver may be a dead issue, but in the agrarian West there is a deep rooted antipathy to Cleveland because of his supposed close relations with Wall street. The West believes that Parker's chief strength lies in the circumstance that Wall street picks him as the best man with whom to beat Roosevelt, if Roosevelt can be beaten at all. The radical Democrats remember that Mr. Cleveland's Attorney General could not see a way to reach the trusts, while Mr. Roosevelt's Attorney General smashed the Northern Securities merger. In addition to this, Democrats everywhere are dubious about David B. Hill, Parker's chief sponsor. They think him a trickster, and they don't want to be tricked. Parker doesn't appeal to the people. He is not a provoker of enthusiasm. The organization is pushing him along, and if it succeeds in nominating him, it will only be because of the party's conviction that Roosevelt cannot be beaten anyhow, and Parker is as good a man to send up against defeat as anybody. Thus far the campaign in the Democratic party is unrelieved of dullness by anything except Mr. Bryan's indecent exposure of himself. Mr. Bryan is showing his smallness every time he speaks or writes. His attitude is one of obstruction and negation. He isn't for anybody but himself. His patriotism is rank selfishness, and one would almost suspect him of insanity because of the antics in which he indulges at the slightest mention of Cleveland's name. Even Mr. Hearst cuts a better figure in the muddle than does the Nebraska leader. Hearst is a candidate, but he isn't abusing all his rivals, and even though the country smiles at his ambitions, it admits that he bears himself better in the fight than does the twice defeated candidate for President, Mr. Bryan. Missouri's Cockrell boom is little heard of—even in Missouri. It is the opinion of the writer of this paragraph that Senator Cockrell is made slightly ridiculous by his candidacy. His position simply enables other people to trade upon him in the convention. So far as concerns the nomination for Vice-President, it begins to look very much as if the drift of sentiment is in favor of giving the South a place on the ticket and naming John Sharpe Williams for second place.



Illinois.

It looks as if there might come out of the present deadlock in the Illinois Republican convention a candidate for Vice-President. The fight is so bitter that an Illinoisan may have to be nominated as second to Roosevelt in order to save the State to the party.



The County's Sure Thing Gamblers.

A GAMBLING privilege in St. Louis County, from all accounts, is more profitable than a dozen shows on the Pike. The Knights of the Green Cloth have been reaping a harvest of coin from the Fair visitors, and the county authorities seem loth to disturb their graft. Enough has leaked out concerning their operations to show that the various resorts have the sanction of men powerful in both city and State politics. Checks given by victims of dice, roulette, chuck-a-luck and faro games have been traced through them, and have been found to bear the indorsement of one of their henchmen, a person who was recognized as the chief mogul of the gambling trust in St. Louis. That the syndicate has "reached" the

sheriff is evidenced by the failure of that officer to abolish their games, while he has persistently pursued all who attempted to operate independent of the trust. Detectives sent from St. Louis to investigate complaints do not hesitate to accuse the sheriff's deputies of warning the operators of the games of their approach, and have been compelled to drop their search for the "skinners." Now that the prosecuting attorney and the circuit judge have shown a disposition to take a hand in the proceedings, there probably will be a let up of the gaming, but as soon as public clamor subsides, the Sure Thing Syndicate will reopen at the old stand with the same assurance of protection.



Republican Chances.

If Mr. Joseph W. Folk should see that about the end of June, Mr. Sam B. Cook has enough delegates pledged to secure his nomination for Secretary of State of Missouri, on the same ticket on which Mr. Folk has sought to run for Governor, and if Mr. Folk should come out squarely and say "Sam B. Cook is a boodler and I know it and if he goes on the ticket I go off," what would the convention do? Would it refuse to be dictated to by Mr. Folk and put up Mr. Cook on the theory that the people instructed for him? If Mr. Folk should then make good his threat and resign, what would happen? Can Mr. Joseph W. Folk do anything else than what is herein suggested? If he did this thing, would not the Republicans have a chance to carry Missouri? And if he runs with Cook after exposing Cook, will not the Republicans have a chance to carry Missouri?



A Suggestion.

RUSSIA'S performances during the present war have been such as to nurture the suspicion that the nation has been affected more than was supposed by the non-resistance doctrines of Tolstoi, the quietest theories of the Dokhobors and the gospel of the ghastly folly of war as preached in the paintings of Vasili Verestchagin.



"Uther and Igraine."

A PERSON named Warwick Deeping has written a much talked of novel called "Uther and Igraine." It is the love-story of father and mother of Arthur of the Round Table. Throughout the book the heroine is continually upon the run. She is running away from some one or something all the time. The author, however, tells a fairly good tale, though his proneness to descriptive writing becomes a great burden, especially as he reveals himself so often. The way in which he has overworked the word "bleak" is a caution. If the reader gets over two pages without a "bleak" he feels a great sense of relief. The simulation of archaism at times becomes oppressive, too, yet even though one finds the style hard to trudge through, the net result of the effort is that one feels he has gathered a pretty fair idea of the times before Arthur came. The hero is not quite so interestingly portrayed as the heroine, although it is difficult to believe that in the pre-Arthurian days there would have existed such a combination of qualities as the author bestows upon Igraine. The author has constructed a fine pair in the villain Garlois and the villainess Lady Morgan la Blanche. The latter is plainly modeled in a way after Miladi in "The Three Guardsmen." This book, put forth by The Outlook Company, New York, shows undoubted power upon the part of the writer, though the style lacks resilience and the action is somewhat too much drawn out. This may be due, however, to the effort to catch the spirit of leisurely pedestrianism in narration which informs

the old chroniclers, even to the constant repetition of certain words and phrases. It is hard reading, as has been said above, but the total impression of the story is not at all to be disparaged for strength or interest.



New St. Louis.

MAYOR WELLS has transformed Chestnut street into a coon boulevard, and the roadway that was designed for light traffic is so crowded with heavy trucks and vans that carriages and buggies and such vehicles are almost barred from the thoroughfare.



The Efflux of Gold.

FOREIGN banking houses in New York are doing a rushing business these days. They are exporting gold at a rate unprecedented in this country's financial history. The total outgo last week aggregated the enormous amount of \$17,000,000. As a result of the movement, the amount available in gold bars in the New York sub-treasury has been cut down to \$7,000,000. As further large remittances are practically certain to be made this week, the treasury's pile of eagles will soon have to be drawn upon. Of course, nobody is alarmed at this outflow of the precious metal, though speculative circles in Wall street are beginning to show anxiety as to the probable influence thereof on security values. The gold leaving our shores goes to Paris, where the Panama Canal payments have been arranged for. It is surmised, also, that New York bankers are, or have been, subscribing for part of the new Russian and Japanese loans. These loans have been negotiated on terms most favorable to the syndicates. Japan's new six per cent. bonds, secured as they are by custom receipts, should constitute an attractive and reasonably safe investment. They will be offered at prices yielding a substantial return on the investment. Among financiers in New York the conviction must be strong that the American investor is at present inclined to take more kindly to foreign than to home securities. There are millions upon millions of American railroad bonds and dividend-paying shares offering at quotations presenting a striking contrast to those of three years ago. But the demand for them is limited, and will remain so for some time to come, or until the confidence of the investing community has been at least partially restored. The participation of American banks in the underwriting of foreign loans is encouraged and facilitated by the flow of money from the interior to New York. Business is falling off throughout the country, though at a rate not very perceptible to any one but a trained and careful observer. A prolongation of this ebbing of industrial and commercial activity will necessarily enlarge the amount of surplus money at New York and other financial centers. The average banker does not act on sentiment. He has no delusions. If he cannot effect any profitable transactions in home securities, he will not hesitate to procure a supply of foreign bonds and shares. If Japanese 6s or Russian 4s are or promise to be in better demand, he will contract for them rather than deal in mistrusted and materially depreciated United States Steel Corporation second mortgage 5s or Pennsylvania collateral trust bonds.



That Yellow Peril.

THE editor of the MIRROR is in receipt of two letters from workingmen protesting against the prominence given the Chinese and Japanese notables here in attendance upon the World's Fair. The writers think they see in the honors bestowed upon these orientals a weakening of the spirit of opposition to the

immigration of the Chinese. They think that the honors to Prince Pu-Lun and others are calculated to diminish the American workingmen's dread of the "yellow peril." Maybe so; but the editor of the MIRROR thinks that the American workingman generally is not just now worried about the "yellow peril." Things are coming easy for the American workingmen these days, and the "yellow peril" is a long way in the future, if it exists at all. It is rather queer, too, by the way, that the people who affect to believe that there is a yellow peril are at the same time hearty sympathizers with Japan against Russia. If there be a yellow peril, then all American workingmen, one would think, would be in favor of Russia. There isn't any yellow peril. The Japanese may awaken the Chinese to activities hitherto undreamed of, but there will be plenty of occupation for those activities in the far East for some centuries before the Mongolians undertake the conquest of the United States.



Folk and Cook.

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK cannot run for Governor on the same ticket that bears the name of Sam B. Cook for Secretary of State. Mr. Folk himself exposed Cook as the mutual friend in a boodle deal between a State Senator and a Coal Oil Inspector. Mr. Folk, however, should declare himself to that effect.



The Race Track War.

It looks as though the Union Jockey Club has won first blood and a good many points in its first engagement with the Cella-Adler-Tilles syndicate that has controlled racing in St. Louis for the past several years. The race track war is only a few weeks old, yet the big triumvirate, with all its financial backing, has been compelled to resort to the free gate in order to overcome the spirited opposition of the independents. A free gate in such circumstances, is only a desperate remedy, and it is a confession that the public has thus far not been with the syndicate in the fight. Tickets of admission to Delmar track are as common as dodgers. Everybody has got them. They are issued in bunches of one hundred to every saloon-keeper and barber shop proprietor in the city, and are good for any day in the week. Of course the Union Club is also issuing free tickets, but not near so many as Delmar. As to the racing, the new course has furnished just as good sport as any ever seen in St. Louis, and it has been much more formful and profitable to bettors than that at Delmar. In the long run, it is the track that best suits the speculator that will get the play.



Mellen's Sensible Talk.

CHARLES S. MELLEN, an Eastern railroad president, in a recent address to workingmen, gave tongue to some homely truths. He spoke fearlessly and straight from the shoulder. He told his attentive listeners that the labor union would be in better repute and a more effective and respected agency in the adjustment of conflicts between labor and capital if its representatives were invariably taken from the married members known for integrity, intelligence and conservatism. This was good, sound advice. Too many of the walking delegates of the present day are rash, foolish and arrogant, and under little or no restraining influences. They are free from and shirk all responsibility. This was strikingly evidenced in the case of Parks, the New York walking delegates, who recently died after serving a term in Sing Sing penitentiary for practices of blackmail and extortion. Parks, while married, lived in extravagant, ostentatious style, far beyond the salary allowed him by labor

unions. He was "sporty," flashy and domineering, because he was permitted to do as he pleased. The walking delegate should be as carefully selected and supervised as is the employe of a well managed bank. Mr. Mellen, on this occasion, informed his audience that the time had come for them to entertain kindlier opinions of their employers' policies and attitude towards them. He declared that the employer's is not always a pleasant, peaceful life that no man is more worried over the tendency of modern business development than he (Mr. Mellen) himself, that he regrets "the passing of the small proprietor, the banker, the merchant, the small manufacturer, the man who worked in his shop with his own hands and whose employes were as welcome at his own table as the best in the world." With apprehension, said the thoughtful speaker, "see I disappear the small proprietor and become a part of the modern industrial machinery," and then asked: "But shall I struggle against the inevitable, or adjust myself to the new conditions and, perhaps, help shape and influence them for the better?" This is the sort of talk that should be given to thinking workingmen throughout the country. The members of labor unions must be made to understand that their interests are practically, and not in theory only, identical with those of employers, that both capital and labor are constantly undergoing the transforming influences of advancing civilization, that employers are sorely tried and worried by the drift of things in the economic world. Modern industrial conditions are still in a highly experimental stage. Nothing has as yet been satisfactorily tested. Nothing can as yet be considered safe and solved. The labor union is no more of a solution of the momentous, epoch-making problems that surround us than is profit-sharing or consolidation. We are merely making cautious, tentative advances. As to the whither, no one can tell.



The Fair and the Kickers.

THERE appears to be no little fault-finding with the Fair among persons who have failed to prepare themselves for their visit or who have expected to do the whole show in one day. Everybody who visits the Fair should read up on the subject and study the location of the various buildings and places of importance. Too many persons who have never been to a World's Exposition expect to find in St. Louis a country or street fair on a large scale. To see the World's Fair properly requires fully a month's time. Experienced persons set about their visit by dividing the Exposition into three or four sections, and make it a point to go through each section successively, viewing all the buildings and exhibits methodically. Complaints about the failure to find public drinking places are due to ignorance. There are plenty of them on the Fair Grounds.



Political Experimenting.

OUR Canadian friends are not afraid of making experiments in government ownership. They are not held back by conflicting theories, by impotent conjectures. This is proved by their recent acquisitions of several small railroad properties. Only the other day, the Canadian Government fastened its grip on the Canada Eastern, located in New Brunswick, with 136 miles of track. South of us, the Mexican Government is experimenting on a respectable scale along the same line. It is suspected that President Diaz favors a consolidation of all the important railroad lines in his country and eventual government ownership. Large blocks of railway shares are already in the hands of the Mexican Government. Purchases will probably be continued from time to time, or whenever the

government's treasury is in flush condition. President Diaz is long-headed and far-sighted. He is anxious to nationalize Mexican railroads, to reduce foreign interests to a minority position. In the furtherance of his plans he is not afraid of using government funds in the purchase of private enterprises. To most Americans this practical grappling with government ownership may look dangerous and unjustifiable. In Mexico, however, it seems to be hailed with a satisfaction akin to enthusiasm. In the land of *manana* they are not much given to theorizing and arguing in matters of this kind. The Latin American acts on impulses. He considers only the immediate benefits to be derived from the undertaking or endorsement of a national project. Remote possibilities, dim dangers, do not loom large in his nimbly thinking mind. If President Diaz were Mayor of Chicago, at the present time, he would make a quick test of the problem of municipal ownership. He would not be afraid to tackle it. Mayor Harrison is made of different stuff. He is timidly calculating, and, apparently, badly afraid of the spirit that politicians have conjured out of the uncertain twilight of popular feeling and clamor. The Chicago municipal administration has been authorized to initiate municipal ownership by the purchase of all street railway lines, but it has decided calmly to ignore the authorization for the present. In adopting this procrastinating attitude it seems to have the encouragement of most of the citizens who recently voted so enthusiastically for the municipal ownership program. This would show that Americans have grown wholesomely cautious in everything involving the practical adoption of new ideas in municipal and national government. They have outgrown the perilous age of political zest and delusion. They are no longer disposed to sanction rash or untried innovations. The "stand-pat" cry is only one of the striking results of this metamorphosis of political sentiment. The growth of this aversion to risky experiments in the sphere of government will doubtless grow still more manifest with accelerated accumulation of wealth. Conservatism in politics and material wealth go together. It is the new, raw, undeveloped nations which are most inclined to experiment, to reform, to rebuild, to introduce the latest theories. This is what explains the government ownership schemes in Canada and Mexico. In this country, the industrial and commercial system has become so vast and complex, wealth has grown to such large dimensions, that the theorist or innovator is held at arm's length as a person apt to work disaster. We are likely soon to attract as much attention by steadfast conservatism, inflexible determination, to "stand pat" as we once did by running into hazardous adventures and volatile enthusiasm. After a while, the sedate and self-complacent *bourgeois* will be as much of a determining influence in our national politics as he is in the France of the present day. Whether by submitting to his domination we may fly to ills that we know not of at present, is another question, which need not be considered in the present article.



Harvey's Promise.

"COIN" HARVEY still continues to take a lively interest in the weal and woe of his fellow-men. He is assistant editor of a paper circulating among the rustic folk who surround his Tusculum at Monte Ne, Ark. In a recent issue of his sheet he made the solemn promise of pointing "out the remedy for the ills with which civilization is embarrassed and suffering and one that will be practical and effective." We hope the erstwhile financial agitator will fulfill his

promise. A remedy of the sort suggested is anxiously awaited by afflicted humanity. In fact, it has been vainly sought for ever since the time our sturdy forefathers held their political ward caucuses in caves and tree-tops. "Coin" Harvey shouldn't tantalize us longer. The age is ripe for a patented nostrum for all the ills that afflict and worry mankind. We await impatiently further news from Monte Ne, Ark.

Pasteboard Proclivities

By Elbert Hubbard

AS a cold business proposition, let me give you this: I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as you can fling Taurus by the tail.

I will not do business with a man who plays cards for money if I can help it.

No individual in my employ—or anybody else's—who plays cards for money can ever hope for promotion.

A professional gambler may be honest, but your clerk or business man who indulges in a quiet game of draw, is a rogue, a liar and a cheat.

And the man he cheats most is himself.

And the only man he really deceives is himself.

And the man who deceives himself and cheats himself will get no chance to cheat me if the matter can be avoided.

Beware of the white face, the soft hands and the impassive smile of the poker player!

The amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation; then to add interest, the game transforms itself into penny-ante. From this to betting all the money he has is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

He wins.

But to quit when you have won, and not give opponents a chance to win their money back is more or less of a disgrace.

He plays again—and loses.

Then he wants a chance to get his money back.

He plays first only in the evening—an hour after supper.

Then if he can get away from work at four o'clock and play until supper-time, he will do so, just as scores of government clerks do at Washington. In the evening he plays again—excitement is in the air—challenge is abroad—he hopes to come out even, and then quit. Men who have work to do cannot play all night and do business the next day, so midnight may end the game.

But Saturday the game goes on until daylight.

Of the "morality" of gambling nothing need be said—all I affirm is that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat, and to win is a calamity.

The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional—he has to, for business men shun him.

No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us have a surplus of brains, and if you are going to succeed in business all the power you have to your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime hasn't yet been born.

The man who succeeds in business is the one who goes to bed before ten o'clock at night; and only one thing is he is jealous of and that is outdoor exercise.

Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the paste-boards. All

he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burdening his friends. The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than the drunkard alone suffers for his fault, suffering falls upon everyone within the radius of the gambler.

If your gambler is on a salary very often he comes around for his wages before pay-day; then he gets to discounting his salary to a money shark; then if he can, he will "borrow" his pay before he earns it without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back—oh, yes!

He wins and pays it back.

This encourages him to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating.

It is an old story, and dozens of men in Sing Sing can tell you all about it.

One bad feature of the poker game is the poker-face—the impassive white face with its cold smile. It reveals nothing—nothing but untruth. And the principal reason it reveals nothing is because there is nothing back of it to reveal; it does not token truth, talent, sympathy, kindness, love nor intellect.

Our actions and thoughts are building brain-cells, and the gambler is building cells of folly. His face is as astute as the face of David Harum. It gives

The Value of Money and Influences That Affect It

By Francis A. House

New York City, May 9, 1904.

To the Editor of The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.:

Sir:—In an article published in the issue of your paper for May 5th, Mr. Francis A. House refers to the prevailing financial liquidation as evidence that the value of money has risen. The cause he finds in the wholesale consolidation of industry in great combinations which has been proceeding so rapidly during the past four or five years, and asserts that the vast capitalization of these combinations, while much of it was merely "wind and water," helped to absorb capital all the same.

As I believe the theory that the over-capitalization of industry absorbs current capital is a mistaken one, I would be indebted to your contributor for a brief statement showing just how any real capital is "absorbed" by the creation of fictitious values, based, or supposed to be based, on the earning power of the combined industries.

I am aware that the popular explanation of financial and industrial depressions is that of the locking up of large amounts of capital in great corporations, but I think this is merely superficial, and does not get to the bottom of the actual conditions. It is cer-

nothing away. In time the habit of the man becomes fixed—he is a living lie. He lies to friends, family, employer, business associates. He forever plays a part. Life to him is a game of bluff. And get it out of your head that the liar does not look you squarely in the eye. The poker player is a scientific liar running on the low gear, and his eyes look calmly into yours. He is astute.

Astuteness is only valuable in protecting us from astute people. It adds nothing of value to the community.

Astuteness adds no beauty to the world, nor does it make life for any man happier.

In strict scientific economics the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes but does not produce.

If four men start in to play poker with ten dollars each, or a thousand dollars each, it is just a matter of mathematical calculation before all of them have nothing. All they have will go for cigars and drink, and the midnight lunch which they would not need if they went to bed.

It is just like the game of faro, where the dealer takes his five per cent commission—he gets all the others have, as sure as death, if they continue to play.

Do not imagine that all the gambling is done in cities—"Man made the city, God the country—but the devil made the small towns." Hardly a village in America is free from the scourge.

Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things—and the end is disgrace, madness, death and the grave.

I am not a member of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Knights of Columbus, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and all I say here is simply a little plain talk by one business man to others, with all soft sentiment omitted.

Boys, we need all the brains we have, in our work. If by concentration, and cutting out folly, we succeed in degree we do well. But I do not believe we can reasonably hope for success unless we eliminate the paste-board proclivity—this as a cold business proposition! I am done.

tain that neither real capital, that is, wealth devoted to the purposes of producing more wealth; or money, which is often confused with capital, is in any way lost to the field of productive industry by a mere increase in the estimated value of any particular industry, or group of industries.

There is now as much money in the country, if not more, than there was five years ago. There is certainly as much real wealth in the shape of buildings, machinery, instruments of transportation, etc.

Why, then, should the creation of fictitious values in any way increase the value of money, or create any scarcity of capital? Yours very truly,

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

MR. WHIDDEN GRAHAM, in his letter of inquiry, opines that "the theory that the over-capitalization of industry absorbs current capital is a mistaken one," that "it is certain that neither real capital, that is, wealth capital . . . or money, which is often confused with capital, is in any way lost to the field of productive industry by a

mere increase in the estimated value of any particular industry, or group of industries," and then asks "why should the creation of fictitious value in any way increase the value of money, or create any scarcity of capital?"

Space forbids wrestling with fine-spun, academic theories in answering Mr. Graham's letter. I shall confine myself to stating the facts as they exist, or have existed, in the last few years.

That there has been insensate, and, in some signal instances, criminal inflation of capital in this country since 1898 cannot be questioned. The nominal capitalization of corporations organized in the last six years is estimated at not less than \$6,000,000,000. At least half of this may safely be assumed to have represented nothing beyond preposterous expectations or promoters' profits.

Now, then! In 1898, there was a plenitude of surplus capital in this country. This plenitude invited promotion and inflation. Taken on an average, the money rate at that time did not exceed four per cent on good time loans. In the fall of 1899, when the Bank of England rate rose to 6 per cent, shortly after the outbreak of the Boer war, money in New York advanced to 186 per cent. This was followed by another period of comparative ease. Inflation tactics were continued. In the latter part of 1900, after the reelection of President McKinley, the promoting and speculative furore broke out on an unprecedented scale. Prices rose to sensational figures, not only in New York, but likewise in other speculative centers. In the spring of 1901, money gradually began to tighten. Foreign financial assistance was clamored for and finally obtained. Hundreds of millions were borrowed in Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam. The available supply of surplus money had been exhausted in this country. What did this prove, if not that inflation had developed alarming absorbing powers? Interest rates began to advance, because the speculative demand coincided with an almost abnormally active inquiry for funds for commercial purposes.

In 1901 and 1902, the value of money was steadily enhancing. The Secretary of the Treasury was repeatedly compelled to come to the rescue with bond purchases and premature interest disbursements, so as to set free part of the money in Government vaults. In 1903, little or no time money could be procured at less than six per cent. Some first-class loans were made at even seven and eight per cent, industrial conditions still being in a state of great prosperity. The stiffness of rates was intensified by the recall of European funds from this side, and wild gambling in grains and cotton. The highest rate was reached towards the close of the year, when the fierceness of liquidation had about exhausted itself. Since then, as the result of this very liquidation, money has been accumulating at New York. This accumulation was, and is accelerated by decreasing business activity.

At this time, first class railroad corporations still find it impossible to obtain funds at anything like the rates quoted in 1898 and 1899. That the value of money is at present higher than it was, under normal conditions, at any time between the fall of 1898 and December, 1903, is admitted by the whole financial world.

If A. and B. and C. organize a company on hydraulic principles, they have to borrow money. A corporation cannot exist on paper and in name only. The shares and bonds have to be carried. The more they are inflated, the more capital they absorb. The money may be said to remain in the country, no matter who owns or gets it. That's true. But equally true is it that the larger the company's capital, the more money is temporarily tied up in promoters' hands. The money lent for promoting purposes cannot be used in other

directions. In this way it tends to contract the volume of free moving capital in a country. The certificate that represents merely capitalized chimeras passes from hand to hand. Like the greenback, it represents money, and, as in the case of the greenback, its value is determined by the amount outstanding. When there has been too much promoting and tying up of funds, the interest rate or value of money rises. The more it rises, the less comfortable becomes the position of the promoter. When at last the crucial pinch sets in, the bank asks him to repay the loan. As he is never able to do this, he throws his holdings of shares on the market. This starts and stimulates

liquidation. When the wave of liquidation assumes dangerous, ruinous proportions, it is called a panic. When the selling movement has run its course, money naturally grows again more plentiful, and its value begins to recede.

That inflation absorbs money has been demonstrated again and again in the last hundred years. It's a truth that is as much honored in New York as in London or Berlin. The tightness of American money markets in 1837 and 1857, and the panics resulting therefrom, furnish additional proof of the temporary draining of capital by inflation and excessive speculation.

World's Fair Critics and the Needs of the Hour

By Francis A. House

THAT the World's Fair in St. Louis is regarded with a persistent sort of indifference cannot be denied by any one keeping *en rapport* with the news and gossip of the day. The notion seems to prevail that the Fair is not of National importance. In the East especially can be noticed a disposition to deaden interest, to persuade people to stay away from St. Louis. Much stress is laid, of course, upon exorbitant hotel-rates, upon the vicious proclivity shown in certain quarters in our city to force visitors to pay the limit on everything. Our summer climate is also given considerable attention. There are critics in New York, Boston and other cities of that section of the country who are firmly convinced that nothing could be more horrid than a visit to St. Louis in July and August and September.

Let's look at these objections with a little critical attention. That hotel rates are higher than they were a year or two ago must be admitted. But to conclude from this that our hotel men are inclined or resolved to squeeze their guests in an unconscionable manner would be both unjust and illogical. The advance in rates that has taken place was the natural consequence of the influx of people from every part of the world and general economic influences at work throughout the land. It would have been paradoxical, yea, abnormal, if no increase had occurred. Unprejudiced comparison with Chicago prices in 1893 should make short work of most charges of extortion. The sins of a small number of offenders should not be made a basis for the sweeping condemnation of all hotel managements. The hotels have done, and are doing, nothing that could be considered particularly censurable or prejudicial to the interests of the Fair.

As to boarding houses and furnished rooms, all that need be said is that visitors may be sure of obtaining all the accommodation necessary at fair rates. There is practically a superabundance of such places. In fact, it is to be feared that many owners of these semi-public or private establishments will, at the end of the Fair, be counting their disappointments and losses rather than their profits. There has been too much money invested in projects of this kind. As in Chicago, in 1893, and in Buffalo, in 1901, expectations as to the prospective number of visitors to St. Louis were ludicrously oversanguine. In view of existing competition, which should become decidedly and interestingly keen within the near future, it would be out of place to look for extortionate rates in these quarters.

House rents are, admittedly inexcusably high, in

many instances. Landlords of a certain type, having regard neither for decency nor the community's interests and reputation, raised rents to a level that should, after a while, result in a good deal of mischief. Yet, the outsider, being merely a transient guest, has very little to fear from this unfortunate manifestation of landlordly greed, however much it may oppress and disgust the tenants.

There remains the climate to be considered. What shall I say about this? To assert that St. Louis deserves to be classed among the summer resorts would do violence to the truth. St. Louis has a summer, as it should have. In some years, it is the real thing. Taking the golden mean, however, it may truthfully be said that the St. Louis summer is no worse than, if not a little improvement upon, that of Chicago. As a rule, it is equable and enjoyable throughout. There are summer days in our city which would do honor to Bar Harbor. A July day in the heart of the Mississippi Valley is something that should not be missed. It abounds in glorious, vitalizing sunshine. The atmosphere has a plenitude of oxygen. The air inhaled is equivalent in resultant, if not concomitant effect, to a corresponding quantity of free champagne. Let no one stay away from the World's Fair on considerations of climate. The St. Louis summer should add to the attractiveness of the Fair, rather than take aught away from it. In the valley, we have, in very deed, the "good old summer time." And this is no joke.

But there is another and still meaner and more perverse sort of critics to be dealt with. These are to be found within our own city's walls. Of late, large accessions have been made to the ranks of these self-constituted censors. They have taken fresh courage at the present comparatively small attendance at the World's Fair. They think they have the flair of fatal failure. They continue to affirm that something or other will certainly go awry. These critics have no faith in the men behind the splendid enterprise. They shrink from the suggestion that something really grand and magnificent could be brought to successful conclusion in their home town. For this reason, they are croaking and cavilling. They clutch with despicable eagerness at anything and everything in the least likely to strengthen their prejudices.

What of them? Nothing beyond this: That if they should prove of efficacious assistance in the knocking of the World's Fair, the deplorable consequences likely to follow will damn them beyond

redemption. The World's Fair represents an investment of magnificent magnitude. The city's reputation will grow or fall, as the case may be, with the fortunes of that investment. Financial disaster to the Exposition would inevitably portend a serious financial and commercial reverse for St. Louis; it would deal the city's name and prestige and interests a terrible blow. It would require the lapse of many years to efface the evil results.

It behooves all patriotic St. Louisans to stand together for six months to come. It is incumbent upon them to evidence *esprit de corps*, a public-spirited, serried cohesiveness, that discards all petty differ-

ences and disputes and jealousies, that considers earnestly the vital, paramount and perduring interests of this climacteric period in our city's history. It is of the utmost importance to St. Louisans, of all classes, to demonstrate to all the world that they are capable and willing to rise to an occasion such as may never again be presented to their city. The World's Fair needs the active, persistent and vigorous support of us all. It is eminently worthy thereof. It should be the pride and admiration of all citizens. The time has come for St. Louisans to show their mettle and their public spirit. St. Louis must "make good."

The Smile of All-Wisdom

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

SEEKING the Smile of All-Wisdom one wandered afar
(He that first fashioned the Sphinx, in the dusk of the past):

Looked on the faces of sages, of heroes of war;
Looked on the lips of the lords of the uttermost star,
Magi, and kings of the earth—nor had found it at last,

Save for the word of a slave, hoary-headed and weak,
Trembling, that clung to the hem of his garment,
and said,

"Master, the least of your servants has found what you seek:

(Pardon, O Master, if all without wisdom I speak)
Sculpture the smile of your Sphinx from the lips of the dead!"

Rising, he followed the slave to a hovel anear;
Lifted the mat from the doorway and looked on the bed.

"Nay, thou hast spoken aright, thou hast nothing to fear:

That which I sought thou hast found, Friend; for, lo, it is here!—

Surely the Smile of the Sphinx is the Smile of the Dead!"

Aye, on the stone lips of old, on the clay of to-day,
Tranquil, inscrutable, sweet with a quiet disdain,
Lingers the Smile of All-Wisdom, still seeming to say,
'Fret not, O Friend, at the turmoil—it passeth away;
Waste not the Now in the search of a Then that is vain:

"Hushed in the infinite dusk at the end shall ye be,
Feverish, questioning spirits that travail and yearn,
Quenched in the fulness of knowledge and peaceful as we:

Lo, we have lifted the veil—there was nothing to see!
Lo, we have looked on the scroll—there was nothing to learn!"

Christ and the Old Testament

CHRIST constantly quoted the Old Testament. His mind was saturated with the Hebrew Scriptures. He quoted them to illustrate His meaning, as men quote poetry; He quoted them to defend His soul in temptation, as men instinctively repeat the words of a liturgy; He quoted them as law and as literature, both to confirm and to controvert.

"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth," said the Levitical law, and Christ repeated the maxim only to declare it wholly false. "Thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot," we read in the Book of Deuteronomy. It is difficult to imagine words more directly contrary to those of the Sermon on the Mount. Hatred of enemies was inculcated in the Old Testament, though the actual phrase, Thou shalt hate thine enemy, does not occur. The following passage is, however, explicit enough: "Behold they met you not with bread and water in the way, when ye came forth out of Egypt . . . thou shalt not seek their peace nor their prosperity all thy days forever." That a teacher who taught "Love your enemies" could have put any moral sanction upon the cruel acts of revenge described in Jewish history, and imputed to Jehovah's direct instigation, it is im-

possible to imagine. Such a thing is contrary to common-sense. But there are sentences in the books of the Pentateuch which in spirit resemble the greater prophets, and these are quoted by our Lord as though they were veritably inspired by the Holy Spirit. No passage of the Gospel is more difficult to understand than that which describes the temptation of Christ. All the same, it is evident that in describing this time of spiritual trial to the Disciples He dwelt much upon the spiritual help He derived from His knowledge of the Scriptures. The words wherewith He refuted the first strange suggestion which came to Him, to make bread out of stones, are taken from Deuteronomy: "Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." It is extraordinary that so early a scribe should have so acutely realized that the craving of man for the ideas which nourish the spirit is as great as his craving for physical food. Probably it did not occur to this unknown man of letters that his words would be of service to the Messiah. Again, our Lord uses the words of Deuteronomy as a weapon against evil when He refuses to prove the grounds of faith by experiment instead of waiting for their verification by experience, saying: "Ye shall not tempt the

Lord your God." And lastly, He puts the tempter to flight by repeating the creed of Israel: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." On another occasion, in deep distress of spirit, looking forward with certainty to His crucifixion, Christ found expression in the words of Zechariah: "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." Was the rest of the passage in His mind? one wonders. It well might have been. It tells of a man constrained to reveal spiritual things to an unbelieving generation. "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

When our Lord quotes the prophets to illustrate His own teaching He quotes with admiration, setting, as it were, a Christian seal upon their words; for instance, when He repeats a portion of Isaiah beginning with the words, "Well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." Probably to the Scribes and Pharisees who listened to Him the few phrases He took from the prophet would recall the whole passage wherein they occur; and certainly it is a very striking one,—interesting in its bearing on much that Christ taught, and interesting also in that the context takes the sting out of the short excerpt. "The vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned. Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men: Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." The simplicity and lack of scholasticism apparent in the new teaching repelled the Jewish lawyers, accustomed as they were to ritualistic formalism. The words of Isaiah were probably chosen to make them reflect that he also made light of the letter of the law, and rebuked those who set up its observance as an infallible standard of righteousness. The passage goes on to pour scorn on all those "that watch for iniquity," that "make man an offender for a word, and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate, and turn aside the just for a thing of naught." Perhaps they may have remembered with shame their efforts to entangle our Lord in His talk, their absurd hypothetical questions about the woman who married seven brothers one after another, and their frivolous fault-finding with regard to Sabbatical observances. If they thought later on about the Scripture to which their attention had been called, they may even have remembered that though the teacher taught heresy, yet even the unorthodox were not forgotten of God, for the passage ends with these words: "They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."

Like all inspired teachers of religion, the prophets foresaw, not names and dates, but that which "shall surely come to pass." As an example, we venture to quote rather a long passage from Ezekiel which is startling in its foreshadowing of the modern attitude towards Christianity. We give the passage intact from the Revised Version, for the sake of those who may have forgotten it. "And as for thee, son of man, the children of thy people talk of thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you and hear what is the word that cometh

forth from the Lord. And they come unto thee as my people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but do them not: for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after gain. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not. And when this cometh to pass (behold, it cometh), then they shall know that a prophet hath been among them."

It used to be thought by good religious people that they dishonored the Bible who made a great distinction between the degrees of inspiration vouchsafed to its various writers. Nowadays the danger seems to lie in the other direction. Men realize that no full exposition of spiritual truth is to be found in the crude history of a primitive people, and, in the ill-doings of David and Jacob, forget the divine inspiration which breathes in the words of the greater prophets. Christ made a distinction, and, surely, so ought we. All the same, we do not for a moment agree with those who would bowdlerize a literature which as a whole makes for righteousness more than any literature which has ever been regarded as inspired by man. It would be disastrous to whittle down the Bible till it resembled a list of copy-book maxims.

The Church of England has always claimed the right to use her discretion in the selection of portions for public reading in church. In the Prayer-book of Edward VI., we find the privilege asserted with delightful frankness. "The Old Testament," we read, "is appointed for the First Lessons at Matins and Evensong, and shall be read through every year once, except certain books and chapters, which be least edifying and might best be spared, and therefore are left unread. The New Testament is appointed for the Second Lessons at Matins and Evensong, and shall be read over orderly every year thrice, beside the Epistles and Gospels; except the Apocalypse, out of which there be only certain Lessons appointed upon divers proper Feasts." Perhaps the Lectionary might be again revised with advantage; but now that verbal inspiration is a dogma of the past it would seem pure vandalism to alter the Canon. The laity of 1904 are not children, whose reading must be supervised by the Church. No man is bound to wrest his conscience into harmony with a morality incompatible with the teaching of Christ; but what thinking Christian does consider himself so bound? The exercise of the moral judgment is a wholesome exercise. "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" said Christ.

From the London Spectator.

From Generation to Generation

By Marguerite Stabler

THERE was no death-dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were clotted and red, there were still faint groans from the dying and mocking grins on the upturned faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drop tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she trudged over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay there was not one hideous detail of the massacre of Indian Island not seared deep into her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs were cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators perhaps citizens of Eureka, although never suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals, who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa Reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the redskin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the Island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope

of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wailings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the grewsome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, Revenge was written large in the very fibre of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said, as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his lithe young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well-a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old laundress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her nature. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big fellow slumped down the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar-trees.

But while the soapsuds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the thrifty housewife busied herself at tidying things on the

porch, for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said, half aloud. It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fishhooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horseshoes, gopher-traps, door-knobs, coils of wire, shot-pouches, fly-boes, empty shells, a whisky-flask, old pipes, rubber gloves—everything in short, that a catch-all of such sort collects in the course of twenty years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

The white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came singing "Bonnie Doon" through the house, whistled over the dogs from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat-safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained, in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book-agent was in the front hall, and the contents of the game-bag were left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra still bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work rubbing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife in the game-bag cried out Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell athwart her gleam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, looked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the vengeance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-failing source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut.

The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look

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of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence, and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever-devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever-devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him. So day after day the struggle with the Destroyer was waged.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing redskin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were re-established. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stolid and glum than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre, hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill, it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when the great aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only this one son, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suds flew high, frightening the canary from his perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue eyes smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the woof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the pies to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eyes shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water, but the red, clotted pools were still vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was she this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for her to take home to warm over were tied into her apron, under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"We'll leave all these things just as they are till we get back from our trip to Redwood Creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his outing with the

Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't."

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stoic silence.

It was now late in the summer. All search for young Howe had proved fruitless. His mother, suddenly old and feeble from grief and suspense, stood, one day, looking toward the bay in a blind hope. The Indian came swinging slowly toward her. The boy had been found. It was on Indian Island. A knife-wound gaped in his breast, his wide blue eyes were upturned in a mocking grin, and the grass around him was clotted and red.

Again there was no swooning, no overt demonstration of grief. Weeks of suspense had taught the family in the white house stoic endurance.

Sikra came every week to do the washing as usual, while her son loitered near the cedar trees. One evening he brought the heartbroken woman what he considered a rare present, a melon of prodigious size. The Indian sat down silently, and slowly and carefully he cut it. It was a trifle over-ripe, the rich, red heart gleaming as with blood. The knife with which he dexterously sliced the melon was ugly-looking, broad and flat, and the deer-horn handle broken, as if by a desperate struggle when last wielded.

The woman did not recognize it. "You are a good boy," she said absently to the Indian, "to do these little kindnesses to Hal's mother."

MILADI'S MADE-OVER PROFILE

HOW She Made Over Her Profile ..

"I have been working hard all day on my profile," said a pretty girl, glancing at a plaster cast standing on the table in front of her. "Do you see that cast? Well, it is just the shape of my face as it ought to be, and I am doing my level best to get it in that condition."

"The outline of my face was probably all right in the beginning. But it gradually became changed. One thing and another happened until my profile was spoiled. Now, if there is anything in the world that ought to be pretty, it is the profile of a woman."

"I am gradually getting it back to its proper shape, but it is hard work. It took years to get it out of shape, and it is taking months to get it back."

"Do I notice any improvement? Yes, indeed. My profile has altered at least half an inch, and half an inch is a good deal on a man's nose or a woman's profile."

"This is how I went to work: I consulted a beauty doctor in Paris and obtained a plaster cast of my face as it ought to be. Here you see it on my dressing table."

"Now, if you will look around, you will notice that my table is set in the midst of three mirrors, so that no matter which direction I look, I can always manage to see a profile of myself. In fact, you can not make over your face unless you have mirrors on every side to guide you in your operations."

"My forehead was bad. The hair grew too high, and there were furrows in it. I began its reformation by coaxing the hair down a little. I massaged the roots with castor oil. I took a drop at a time and rubbed it in the temples and along the forehead. In a little while the hair began to come down and to send forth a slight growth."

"While massaging the roots of my hair, I also massaged my forehead. For this I used benzoized cold cream."

"I massaged my forehead with it, rubbing across the wrinkles. The tips of my fingers I dipped in this cream, which I rubbed over the furrows. I was very careful to go across the furrow, not into it, and I was also careful not to massage heavily."

"When I had finished massaging my forehead, I applied quite a heavy coating of the massage cream to the wrinkles and left it to stay on all night, for I generally conducted the work of reforming my profile in the evening."

"My eyes I tackled next, and here was my hardest task. They were not large enough for my face, and the lids drooped and there were bags under them. The brows were not clear cut nor were they heavy enough for my face."

"I treated my face by reducing my cheeks. They were of the puffy order and obscured my eyes. I reduced the flesh of my cheeks a little, which made my eyes come out fuller."

"The lids I strengthened by bathing my eyes in weak boracic acid. The sacs under my eyes were very heavy and these had to be removed by taking medi-

cine. Eye sacs always mean some kidney or liver trouble."

"This done, I turned my attention to my eyebrows, which I thickened by painting them every night. I used almond oil, which I warmed and applied with a little brush."

"My cheeks were difficult to manage, for one was fuller than the other and my mouth was uneven. In other words my face was slightly crooked."

"I was in a dilemma what to do until I consulted the notes of my beauty specialist. He advised me to see a dentist. The dentist was not one of those who disfigure you with great grinning gold fillings, but he restores your teeth until they look as they did when you were young and charming."

"He replaced two teeth that were missing on one side of my face, and when these two back teeth were put back, my face suddenly became straight again. It was those spaces at the back of my mouth that distorted my face."

"My mouth was sadly in need of repairs, for my lips were by no means the lips that Cupid loves. But after I had my teeth treated my mouth began to look very nice. It bowed prettily and my lips seemed fuller than they were before."

"There is only one quick way to red- den the lips, and that way is by the application of rouge. It can be a harmless vegetable rouge, and if good it will do no harm, nor will it be detected."

"Gray lips, blue lips and white lips all point to a disturbed circulation. Loosen the clothing, get the circulation right, and you will find your lips becoming pink instead of pale. Pale lips usually mean a tight corset."

"But there is another way to redden the lips, and this is by the application of a lip emollient. A good lip lotion, applied nightly, will make the lips quite ruddy. A lotion such as this can be made at home from glycerine and rose-water. The glycerine must not be too strong, for few skins can stand it clear. But well diluted with rosewater and applied nightly, it will keep the lips in very fine condition."

"Lastly, I turned my attention to my chin, which was double, and here I found my greatest trouble. I was by no means old enough for a double chin, yet there it was, doubling in the most aggravated form. I treated it by a quick, heavy massage, the sort of stroke that takes away the flesh."

"There is a slow massage which develops the flesh, and this is performed with easy strokes, while the hand is filled with a good massage cream. But the kind of massage to reduce the double chin is done with the palm of the hand, operating with swift sideways strokes."

"Of course I used the head and neck exercises. I bent my head forward and backward until I had reduced the fat which was crowding my pretty neck all out of shape. I made it a practice to wear loose neck arrangements, and I never, under any conditions, did my throat up so tightly that I could not move my head. That is one cause of the double chin."

"I practiced my neck exercises night

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This lady demonstrator, whom we brought direct from the New York headquarters, knows as much about corset fitting as any expert in this country. If you buy a corset this week you can have it fitted by her without any extra charge.

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and morning and during the day I moved my head considerably. This gave me just the right amount of physical culture for the neck."

"I suppose I ought to tell you how I massaged the wrinkles around my eyes and nose. Those around my eyes needed the most careful treatment. I patted in a little cold cream of the very soft kind made of almond oil and supermaced. But for the lines around the mouth I massaged carefully with benzoized cream, which I also made."

"And that is the strange, true story of how I reclaimed my profile."

Here the pretty girl threw wide the wings of her three-sided mirror and invited her guest to take a look from all sides. It was just as she said. She had reclaimed her profile, for it was certainly attractive. Then she picked up a photograph.

"This is the way I looked before," said she. And truly there was a great difference."



DIAGNOSIS FOR WALL PAPER

"Some day you'll see me taking down the paperhanger shingle and replacing it with one reading, perhaps, 'Papers Prescribed,'" remarked the dealer in wall-papers. "There's really an opening for such a man, and patrons would be surprised if they knew how much we can help them. A frightfully nervous man just now insisted upon a red paper when he needed green, a color that soothes the senses. Blue quiets the nerves and violet has a tranquilizing effect. But how they all like red, and that despite the fact that it is the color of vice, violence and passion! One woman client just persisted in a red reception room. If she wants men guests to help her shift the furniture it's a good choice, for it's a fact that a man exposed for a time to the influence of red light shows a muscular development 50 per cent in excess of his power when

exposed to a blue light. After this one understands how much the senses and temperament are affected by color. Indeed, my ideal home is one with a room in each color. Then its occupants are ready for any emergency. A sufferer from melancholy or smallpox will immediately be placed in a red room; a victim of nervous disorders requires a blue or violet environment, and so on. I tell you, there's nothing like being a specialist, and the day will yet come when, upon investing in fresh wallpaper the family will first have their cases diagnosed and order according to their hygienic requirements"—Philadelphia Record.



IF I BUT KNEW

If I but knew what the tree-tops say,
Whispering secrets night and day,
I'd make a song, my love, for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

If I but knew how the lilies brew
Nectar rare from a drop of dew,
A crystal glass I'd fill for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

Love, if I knew but one tender word,
Sweet as the note of a wooing bird,
I'd tell my ardent love for you,
If I but knew—if I but knew.

Amy E. Leigh.



In New Britain a missionary, in translating, was seeking some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when a chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to my wife's mother than do such and such a thing." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out!"

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NEW BOOKS

John Lane is about to publish a new novel by J. P. Causton, entitled "The Philanthropist," that sets forth in a clear cut manner the interacting development of a conventional Christian and a rather self-sufficient cynic. The mantle of philanthropist, indeed, falls from one to the other. The orphanage which the church member founds, more in pride than charity, leads him, with the aid of an extravagant and shallow wife, into financial embarrassment and finally involves him in disgrace; while the cynical young scoffer, fond of outraging the feelings of the chapel community and rich enough to do without ambition, is gradually led to devote his wealth to the aid of his fellows, not in bulk, but individually, and enters his philanthropic work as the fullest expression of his ideal, where the other had espoused charity for the self-esteem and gratification it brought. When it is said that the daughter of the philanthropist, who was also a Pharisee, after the interposition of many halting circumstances, of which her father's final loss of social position is, perhaps, the least, becomes the wife of the philanthropist who was first a scoffer, it is apparent that the author has chosen a subject of possibilities worthy his direct touch and insight.

Among the works published in recent years there are few that are destined to last. But now and then a novel shows signs of possessing unusual vitality. Such a novel is "Mademoiselle Blanche," by John D. Barry, well-known as the author of "A Daughter of Thespis," "The Congressman's Wife" and other stories. "Mademoiselle Blanche" is one of Mr. Barry's earlier books; but it is also one of his best. When it first appeared a well-known critic, Mr. Bigelow Paine, declared: "It ought to become a classic." Since that time several years have passed, and now the story is to be brought out in its fourth

edition by John Lane as the initial volume in the new Canvas-back Library. The price of the volume is 75 cents.



MIGHT IMPROVE MATTERS

The woman who was bent on improving the race had explained matters with great care.

"The trouble is," she said, "that few of us have proper training for our duties. Our servants are not trained."

"Yes," said the girl, "they ought to be trained."

"Assuredly," assented the woman. "They should be trained for their duties before they undertake them. Then our husbands are not trained."

"Some of them are," the girl declared.

"After marriage," said the woman, "but they should be trained before. A man should be properly fitted to assume family duties before he is permitted to assume them. It isn't fair to expect his wife to train him."

"Some wives seem to like it," suggested the girl.

"But it would be far better to have them properly trained beforehand," insisted the woman.

"Yes," admitted the girl, "husbands ought to be trained."

"And the wives ought to be trained."

"Don't you think every girl is a natural born wife?" asked the girl.

"Not exactly," replied the woman. "Still, she comes nearer to that than to being a natural born mother. I believe in preliminary training throughout, especially for motherhood. It would make lots less trouble in the world if mothers were trained to be mothers before they are mothers."

It took the girl a little time to grasp this. Then her face lighted up.

"Of course," she said, "but don't you think it would simplify matters if babies were trained to be babies before they are babies?"—*Chicago Evening Post.*



LADY GUIDES FOR MEN

The complaints of several tenants of the Flatiron Building, New York, at the presence in the building of the "Ladies' Guide to Bohemia" establishment (alleging it would lower the tone of the building), have served to bring out the fact that the proprietress of this unique establishment had furnished the manager of the building with "the very best of references," representing that she merely intended to start in New York an agency to "furnish respectable lady guides for lonely gentlemen." But still New York is suspicious of the scheme, which has been advertised in the papers of the West and South thus: "A new way to see New York—Eight charming, refined young ladies will act as guides to gentlemen and ladies visiting New York. Bohemia, with its fascinating gayeties, petit dinners, and a peep into places seldom visited, will be shown. Bohemia's Guides Society." The scheme is thus explained by the matronly proprietress: "We have eight young women, two of whom have mothers also on our staff, to show gentlemen around New York, especially through Bohemia. When a gentleman comes to this city

alone, after he has transacted his business, he naturally needs companionship in the evenings. In what better way can he enjoy himself than putting himself in charge of one of our pretty young women, who can go out to supper with him, and then show him all the points of a great city that a respectable man has a right to see? But there's one thing I shall guard against, and that is fresh young men. This is strictly business. None of my guides will drink anything more potent than soda water. They will go to dinner with the stranger, and just be a sort of sister for the evening. In every case the client and guide must be properly introduced by me. There will be no exception to that rule. Most of the guides I already have are married. The gentleman pays me five dollars and foots all the bills while the young lady is taking him to supper, to the theater, etc., from 6 p. m. to midnight, and he must agree to deliver the young lady guide safely to her door by twelve o'clock at night. I advertised in out-of-town papers, and we much prefer the trade of out-of-town gentlemen. We gladly send a young lady along with an out-of-town husband to aid him in shopping for his wife. We think a young lady can get better bargains for him than a man guide could, and his wife would be better satisfied." A New York reporter, who impersonated a "lonely out-of-town gentleman" declares that "it was certainly a ladylike 'Bohemia.'"



EFFECT OF IMAGINATION

A Berlin bridegroom reported on Saturday that he had swallowed his wedding ring. He suffered intense agonies, and vowed he was dying, until his pockets were searched for money to pay for a telegram, when the ring was found in the lining of his waistcoat. He became well in a few minutes.—*London Daily Mail.*



"My dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, her face flushed with the excitement of an afternoon in the kitchen, "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made to-day?" "Well," replied Mr. Newlywed, lifting one with a slight effort, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

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Stephens's most stirring story tells of the adventures of Henri de Launay during the romantic reign of Henri IV. Writing, as only he among modern romancists can write, of brave men and fair women, the gay life of the Chateaux and the dangers of the road, hairbreadth escapes and gallant combat, Mr. Stephens has accomplished his masterpiece of romantic fiction.



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MARCH NUMBER

contains seven color plates, with a reproduction of a Water Color by WHISTLER; and a fully illustrated article, both critical and descriptive, by CHARLES H. CAFFIN, on the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia.

John Lane, 67 5th Av., N. Y.

SOCIETY

Society keeps open house this week. The Clubwoman is having her innings, and she is almost always a society leader. The clubman, too, is hospitably inclined and gathers around his board some of the distinguished journalists of this and other countries. The splendid residences in Portland and Westmoreland places, in Vandeventer place, and some of the other fashionable thoroughfares have their full quota of guests.

Mrs. I. W. Morton and the Misses Morton of Vandeventer place, are entertaining Mrs. Anna G. Spencer, of New York City, and Doctor and Mrs. W. E. Fischel, of Washington boulevard, have Mrs. Robert E. Plumb, of Detroit, Mich., with them.

Mrs. Joseph Ramsey of Washington Terrace, has for her guest Mrs. Charles F. Millspaugh, of Chicago.

Mrs. J. J. Cochran, of McPherson avenue is entertaining Mrs. Margaret Polson Murray, of Montreal, Canada.

At Mrs. F. P. Crunden's hospitable home in Westminster place, Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones, of Kalamazoo, is being entertained.

Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, of Eastcourt, Ontario, is the guest of the week of Mrs. Walter Calver, in Clemens avenue.

Miss Mary Perry, of Vandeventer place, is entertaining Miss Anna Low Clark, of Boonville, Mo.

Mrs. A. Dean Cooper, of Washington avenue, has for her guest Mrs. James D. Walker, of Denver, Colo.

Dr. and Mrs. A. V. L. Brokaw are the hosts of Mrs. Henry McDaniels, of Demopolis, Ala.

Mrs. W. W. Gardner, of Maryland avenue, is entertaining Mes. Lucien Gould and Charles Stewart, of Owosso, Mich.

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of Lafayette avenue, has with her Mrs. C. P. Barnes, of Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Seeley Perry, of Chicago and Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Simeon Ray is entertaining Dr.

Yanel Kin of New York, at her beautiful home in Berlin avenue.

Mrs. Alfred Clifford, of Westmoreland place, has with her Mrs. Mary Hinman Able, of Baltimore, Md. and Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd of Amherst, Mass.

Miss Helen Gould returned for the Club Federation Meeting and is occupying her apartments at the Buckingham Club. Miss Gould has several guests with her for the week.

At the Washington Hotel are Marshall Field of Chicago and Mrs. Diblee.

A distinguished party from Chicago, now visiting the World's Fair and stopping at the Washington, are Mr. and Mrs. Augustus N. Eddy and their handsome daughter, Miss Katherine Eddy. They are the parents of young Spencer Eddy, the legation secretary, now located in London. With the Eddys are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Caton. Mrs. Caton and Mrs. Eddy are sisters, daughters of the late hardware millionaire, Franklin F. Spencer, of Chicago. Mr. A. C. Bartlett, a member of the firm of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., of Chicago, is in the party with the Eddys and Catons.

Mrs. Daniel Catlin is entertaining Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Jean Reid and Miss Alice Barney, who are on their way home to New York from California, which they have been touring in Mr. Reid's private car.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Kavanaugh, of Selma Hall, are giving delightful house parties these days. Their guests for the week are Miss Mary Kimball, Miss Mary Clark, and Mr. Alfred Longdon, an English artist, who is in St. Louis on a visit to the Fair.

Mrs. Warren Nichols a recent bride, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cockrell, of McPherson avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott have with them as their guest their daughter, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Wood. Mrs. Wood is a delegate to the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Lucy V. Semple Ames and her daughter, Mrs. Wayman Cushman, have returned from Sea Breeze, Fla., and are at Mrs. Ames' country home, Notchcliffe.

Mrs. Russell Harding, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining Mrs. Benjamin Busby, of Memphis, Tenn.

Capt. and Mrs. George S. McGrew are entertaining Mrs. Hunter Boyd Gilkerson and Miss Georgia Gilkerson, of Wichita, Kan.

Mrs. J. T. Parker, who was, Miss Blanche Burnett, of St. Louis, and who now resides in Tacoma Wash., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Garrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent have with them Mrs. Samuel Casey, of Mount Vernon, Ill, and Dr. and Mrs. Watkins, of Owensboro, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunt Lucas have at their handsome country home the Misses Chinn, of Lexington, Ky., Mrs. Russell Rodman, and Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Scullin have taken apartments at the Buckingham Club until their South St. Louis home is restored from the ravages of the recent fire.

Miss Elizabeth Fair of Warrenton,

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A Batiste Corset adopted as an "all-year-round" model by the slender woman appreciating a light, dainty corset, with the lines and curves best suited to emphasize the usually graceful figure. The Batiste is of a soft, fine quality, yet so strong that as a test case we know that it has been worn thirteen months, laundered when requisite. Trimmed with taffetas ribbon; front hose supporters. White only. Sizes 18x24.

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Va., is the guest of Doctor and Mrs. John O'Fallon Delaney, of Lafayette avenue.

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Hirschberg to Prince Pu Lun on the eve of his departure, was an exceedingly smart event. Among the guests of honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg were His Grace, Archbishop J. J. Glennon and his distinguished visitor, Archbishop P. J. Ryan. The guests invited were Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Niedringhaus, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin L. Ridgeley, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Fordyce, Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Mrs. Daniel Catlin,

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Mrs. Charles Taussig, and the Misses Bella Wells, Emily Wickham, Eleanor Tracy, Florence Hayward and Irene Catlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Hart and Miss Adele Hart gave a smart function last week for M. and Mme. Jules Carlier, of the Belgian Commission.

M. Michael Lagrave, Commissioner General from France, gave a gentlemen's "dejeuner a la fourchette," to a number of distinguished St. Louisans and World's Fair officials. Among M. Lagrave's guests were Messrs. George D. Markham, E. Dupont, A. Guillemin, G. Alberti, Walter B. Stevens, Howard H. Rodgers, Halsey C. Ives, J. A. Holmes, Russell Stanhope, R. Diaz-Albertini, John A. Ockerson and Dr. W. J. McGee.

At Mrs. Otto Forster's "Thursday" evenings are met many of the most distinguished strangers now in the city. These informal receptions are quite the vogue, and Mrs. Forster's are among the most charming. The hostess is always assisted by her daughters, Misses Lucille and Marie Overstolz.

The State "at homes," which will be given every fortnight, will bring about much social stir at the World's Fair. Each State will have two "at home" nights in a month, and will then receive the commissioners and their friends of the other States.

The event "de resistance" will be the ball which Dr. Lewald, Commissioner-General from Germany, will give in the German Government House for Miss Alice Roosevelt, June 1. This is to be the very smartest function of the entire Fair season, and to be conducted with

the utmost lavishness. Society is on tip-toe for invitations.

Mrs. Dan Houser's reception to the Clubwomen will be given Tuesday evening, May 24, at the new Woman's Club. Mrs. Houser will be assisted by Mrs. Helen Boice-Hunsicker, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Edward L. Buchwalter, of Springfield, O.; and Mrs. M. H. DeYoung, of San Francisco. The Houser function will be one of the most notable of the entertainments given during the closing week of May.

In the afternoon of the same day Miss Florence Hayward will give a reception to the club women and the Press Parliament at the German Building, which Dr. Lewald has placed at the disposal of the hostess.

Mrs. D. R. Francis' reception for the club women will be held Monday evening, May 23. This, too, will be an elaborate entertainment.

Saturday night has been made "society" night at the Tyrolean Alps. It is the "dinner party" night par excellence. If it had been designated as such by the smart set from the very beginning, it could not have met with greater compliance on the part of the swagger people of St. Louis. Every society man or woman with a friend in the city, makes it a point to engage a table at the Alps for that night. Last Saturday night Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells were the hosts of a select gathering at dinner. Prof. F. Louis Soldan had with him Dr. Karl Kaiserling, of Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aull had friends at dinner; Mr. and Mrs. David R. Calhoun and Mr. and Mrs. C. Norman Jones were with a party; Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Church, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Archer Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Gregg, President and Mrs. D. R. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac A. Hedges, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Niedringhaus, Mr. and Mrs. Andre Scanlan, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Stickney and Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons were among the prominent St. Louisans who dined "in the Alps."

Magnificent in every detail was the reception which Ambassador and Mme. J. J. Jusserand in the French Pavilion Monday afternoon. All the distinguished Frenchmen now in the city were in attendance, among them Messrs. Felix Lamy, Secretary of the French Commission; Paul Lascombe and Marcel Estieu, Commissioner-General Michael Lagrave and M. Gaston Alberti. Mrs. D. R. Francis, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Mrs. Goodman King, Mrs. Stanley Bois, Mrs. William K. Kavanaugh, Mrs. Rolla Wells, Mrs. Daniel Nugent, Mrs. Azby Chouteau and Miss Marie Pangborn were among the leading St. Louis society women first presented to the Ambassador and his handsome wife.

The reception was followed in the evening by an official dinner, which President and Mrs. D. R. Francis gave to the French Ambassador and Mrs. J. J. Jusserand. The West Pavilion of the Cascades was chosen for



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But what good would any of them be if not backed by MacCarthy-Evans tailoring?

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the function, which was elaborate and stately.

On Tuesday night Ambassador Jusserand reciprocated by giving a dinner function in honor of President and Mrs. D. R. Francis and the prominent St. Louisans, who attended the official dinner on Monday night.

Mrs. Oliver L. Garrison entertained with a smart luncheon Tuesday at the Woman's Club seventy-five ladies connected with the Club Federation and their friends. It was one of the most delightful affairs of the week.

The annual strawberry feast and ball of the Daughters of the Confederacy will be given at the Odeon, Friday evening, May 27. Society is more interested than usual in this function, as many distinguished Americans and foreigners will attend.

Admiral Schley has been invited to be the guest of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their strawberry feast and dance on Friday evening, May 27, at the Odeon.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will entertain the Southern delegates to the Federation of Women's Clubs at the Missouri Building, Thursday, May 19, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Watt—There is considerable character forecasted in a man's shoes.

Swatt—Yes. If he wears Swope shoes, his character is generally considered good.

"I like yer preachin'," said a tall, gaunt native who had heard Bishop Potter one night in a small Adirondack town near which he had his summer camp; "I alluz l'arn somethin' new from

ye. I rid ten mile to-night to hear ye, an', as usual, I heerd something' that I never knowed afore." "Well, I'm glad of that," said the Bishop, shaking the outstretched hand, "and what was it you learned to-night?" "Why, Bishop, I found out fer the fust time in my life that Sodom and Gomorrah wuzn't twins."

Mrs. Newed—"Norah, my husband and I have both noticed that all the neighbors stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?" *Norah* (a local simple)—"Me tell 'em, mum? Agin express orders? Why, whinever anybody tried to pump me, mum, I told 'em you wasn't married at all."—*Scraps*.

Before and After: "Oh, George!" complained the young wife, "it was nearly midnight before you got home last night." "Well, well!" exclaimed the husband, "you women are so inconsistent. Before we were married you didn't care how late I got home."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Blundering Visitor (on seeing the little child for the first time)—"By Jove! He—he's wonderfully human-looking, isn't he?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.

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Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties desired. References exchanged.

AMUSEMENTS

"Checkers," bright little comedy in happy stage dressing, is having a second week's lap at the Century Theater. It drew well during the first week of its return, and is doing a fine business now for Henry Blossom, Jr., the St. Louis society playwright. Breezy in atmosphere and action, it is just the kind of a play that pleases city folk and country people alike. The horse race is the common ground whereupon all meet, and Mr. Blossom has caught its spirit most excellently. The actors and actresses are clever. Thomas Ross, Charlie Willard and Catherine Mulkins seem to be all that could be expected. "Checkers" is one of the best plays of its sort, in the last two years.

Next week Richard Carle will come to the Century in "The Tenderfoot," which had a "whirlwind" run of 100 nights at the New York Theater.

"York State Folks" did such a business at the Grand Opera House last week that Manager Sheehy booked it for another week, and the patronage, in spite of the fact that the play is by no means new here, is repeating its box office success this week. Somehow, a houseful of people go away from this play very much satisfied that they have seen something worth while. Excitement is left out entirely, and only pastoral serenity prevails. The company presenting it is excellent. There are no stars, but men and women of equal quality in the cast.

Victory Bateman is presenting a fine production of "Camille" at the Imperial Theater. Miss Bateman, daughter of a once popular actress, and a good tragedienne herself, is one of the best *Camilles* on the American stage. She gave proof of this some years ago, when she was leading lady of the Imperial Stock Company, and later at the American Theater in New York, where the strain of work proved so severe that Miss Bateman succumbed to the extraordinary task. She is now at her best again, and her "Camille" is one of the features of her vast repertoire. Miss Bateman is supported by a very satisfactory company.

Next week Manager Russell will present at the Imperial Theater that good melodrama, "Woman Against Woman," which has an enviable record in St. Louis.

Ida Emerson and twenty pretty show girls are with "The Gay Masqueraders" at the Standard Theater this week. They are presenting "The Wizard of Jersey," a burlesque, and another travestial entertainment, "Aboard the Good Ship Jane," which is pleasing and clever. Six high-class vaudeville acts interline the burlettas. Howard and Emerson, Post and Clinton, the De Vere Trio, Conroy and McFarland and May Walsh are among the leaders in the olio. The musical specialties in this show are unusually fine. Next week the Standard Theater will have

as the attraction, "The World Beaters."

Sunday evening, May 29, has been set as the opening night for the Delmar Garden production of "Louisiana." On that evening the big al fresco theater will be thrown open to the public, and St. Louis' first big effort in the extravaganza line will be given a showing.

And "Louisiana" is a big show, or it will be at that time. It has been in rehearsal for the past five weeks, and enough can now be seen to warrant this statement. The chorus numbers 170. There are thirty principals, including the following well known names: Miss Maud Lambert, prima donna contralto; Miss Nettie Black, who will be *Louisiana*; Miss Frances Merton, who will sing Dixie; Miss Zelma Rawlston, who will be *Davy Crockett, Jr.*; Miss Matilda Previle, and Miss Dorothy Lamb. The male principals include William G. Stewart, who will sing *David Crockett*; Franklin G. Hill, who will be *Brother Jonathan*; Will H. Sloan, who will be seen in a novel and grotesque creation; Sylvian Langlois, Charles A. Morgan, George Mack, Atherton Furlong and W. A. Sissons. There will be a band of 24 children, a ballet of 50 and an orchestra of 50 pieces.

The management of Delmar has enlarged the stage and put in novel water effects that will be different from anything ever seen. In fact, the whole production will be full of novel features that could not be put on at a down-town theater or hall.

The book of "Louisiana" is by Hiram W. Hayes, for a number of years Dramatic Editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. The music is the joint product of William John Hall and Anton Heindl, with a couple of numbers by A. Baldwin Sloan. R. A. Roberts is making the production and Luigi Alberteri is directing the ballet. Mr. Heindl, in addition to having collaborated on the music, is also the musical director. The impression that Kiralfy has anything to do with the show is incorrect.

Nilsson's Statuary Groups of the Life of Christ, or "Palestine Two Thousand Years Ago," will be the semi-religious and historical World's Fair attraction which will open its doors in a newly-erected Pavillion at Grand and Laclede avenues. In these groups and scenes is presented a marvellous history of Christ's Life from the birth at Bethlehem to the final scenes on Golgotha. These groups were originally exhibited at the Art and Industrial Exposition of Stockholm in 1897. The Swedish government held the collection in such high esteem that it erected a building of oriental character, especially for their exhibition. There are, in all, sixteen groups, all of them unusually fine art-creations. The figures are clothed in rich, oriental costumes thoroughly historical. The surroundings are impressive, draperies, illuminations and the musical divertissement being suited to the occasion.

Carl Johan Nilsson, of Stockholm, is an artist of eminence. He devoted nine years to the work of completing this se-



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RESTAURANT
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining
Rooms and Several Smaller
Rooms for Private Dinner
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening



Afternoon Luncheons

Are made memorable by their charming daintiness.

There is that air of ease and refinement, and not a hint of inconvenience or worry.

But dainty results follow dainty methods. You must go back to the kitchen to learn the secret; and there you find the Gas Range—the modern exponent of table refinement,

How else could such dainty dishes be prepared?

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.,

716 LOCUST STREET.

ries of statuary groups. Before he became famous for this crowning work of his life he was known throughout Europe as one of the leading figure-portraitists, having been employed by European royalty to portray them in life-size figures. The sixteen groups embody "The Nativity," "The Flight into Egypt," "Christ in the Temple," "The Baptism," "The Temptation," "Christ Healing the Sick," "Christ Raising the Daughter of Jairus," "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Children's Friend," "The Purifying of the Temple," "The Last Supper," "Gethsemane," "Christ Before Pilate," "The Crucifixion," "At the Sepulchre," "Christ the Consoler."

At Forest Park Highlands Staley and Birbeck are creating a sensation with their remarkable transformation act which is seen here for the first time.

Laura Millard is the best vocalist who has been heard on the Highlands' stage in several years. Her voice is a pure soprano, high and clear, and sweet. Mazuz and Mazett, Kelly and Violette, the Salvaggis and Baader, Lavelle and Lefevre are the other features on a high-class programme.

In next week's bill are Agnes Lee Martyne, Schenck Brothers, Nina Amoros, a sensational trapeze artist, and Wilson and Heloise, horizontal bar specialists of European renown. Lew Hawkins, old favorite, will also pay the Highlands a visit.

"Your husband met an accidental death, did he not?" remarked the new boarder. "Yes," replied the landlady, "poor John tried to cross the street one day and was autocuted."—*Chicago Daily News.*

MUSIC

WAGNER AND WURZBURGER. . .

In a unique and wondrously beautiful place at the Fair, called "German Tyrolean Alps," is to be found this powerful combination of brass and beer. Which is to be considered the best end of the combination is purely a matter of taste, as both are excellent in their way. Good beer, however, may be taken as a matter of course, but the tone-plepsin furnished with dinner at "The Alps" is certainly of a most remarkable and unusual quality. Eighty musicians, most of them so capable as individuals that they come in the "artist" category, under the baton of a man so gifted and so thoroughly routinized as is Max Bendix—to say nothing of the vivid Alfred Ernst or the freshly-imported Herr Heuberger of Vienna—can hardly fail to accomplish something noteworthy. And their performance is always up to the expected mark of excellence, and often far above it.

The programmes evidence remarkable catholicity on the part of their makers—presumably, the members of the Bureau of Music—and tone-deaf, indeed, must be the ear that cannot find something to pleasure it, in the fifty-seven varieties of compositions offered. Schools, styles and forms are most impartially presented, and the man who does not like "Die Walkure" may revel in "Dixie," "Parsifal" and "Pigs-feet," and "Frankfurters" and "Fidelio," are all part of the same menu; the simple-triple Strauss jostles Wagner, and Mendelssohn and Millocker go hand in hand.

The personnel of the orchestra is made up of the flower of the local Symphony Orchestra, reinforced by picked men from the great Eastern orchestras, and in great compositions given fully scored, their work is thrilling, but in the library of this splendid organization are evidently many inferior editions which sadly hamper leaders and men. The Valkyries ride through the "Zellerthal" fully accoutered, for example, and the effect is stunning, but poor "Pagliacci" wanders among the peaks, shorn and cramped, making but a sorry showing. Why this twenty-men Fisher edition, gentlemen of the Bureau of Music? Why not give to four horns what is due four horns, according to Leoncavallo, and why snub the harp?

Mrs. Franklin Knight, who has just returned after two years' residence in New York, will be the soloist on the occasion of the second and third of a series of eight Pianola Concerts at which the best talent will appear at Bollman's Recital Hall, 1120 Olive street, on Thursday, May 19th. Mrs. Knight has been closely associated with the studio of Francis Fischer Powers of New York, and many of her St. Louis friends will be pleased to welcome her on the first occasion of her return to St. Louis.

Ten cents may get you \$5,000, and that would buy a nice home. Smoke a \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

Patience—"See how yellow her hair

is; and it used to be brown." Patrice—"Yes, she's been using one of those yellow journals to make curl-papers."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BARR'S TRIUMPH

Firm's Great Exhibit in the Palais du Costume

No one who is at all interested in the history of woman's costumes as represented in the Palais du Costume at the World's Fair can fail to appreciate the exhibit in this same place prepared by the William Barr Dry Goods Company. The Barr's exhibit covers a space of 168 feet by 10 feet, is in a case, and represents one of the greatest triumphs in the woman's furnishing line ever prepared by one store. This part of the sartorial display was arranged by the William Barr Dry Goods Company, in active comparison and competition with the leading dry goods stores of the country. Theirs is the greatest and most authoritative style show ever seen. The mere fact that Barr's selections of articles for the exhibit were chosen to represent this feature of the apotheosis of woman, between the creation and the twentieth century, is in itself a guarantee of its completeness and its worth. Not only does it reflect great credit on the firm; it is a great triumph for St. Louis that such a famous fixture as the Palais du Costume should recognize a St. Louis house in this feature of its exhibition. Barr's Dry Goods Company's store has always been a source of wonder as well as of pleasure to the thousands of shoppers who visit it daily, but few persons thought it would receive such recognition as it has fairly won in the display in the Palais du Costume.

The exhibit consists of costumes rich and rare and of varying values, gloves of all kinds, from the first crude productions to the present finished works of art; parasols in which it would seem no great improvements or alterations have been made; corsets of every size and shape.

The display known as the Barr show contains everything that is of interest to woman and is really an interesting collection of valuable feminine effects. In addition to the articles above enumerated, the Palais du Costume contains many magnificent gowns running the gamut from the fig leaf to the elaborately ornate imported gowns of to-day. All the splendor of oriental and other nations, from all periods of time, are represented in the collection. Many garments worth fortunes in themselves are to be seen. The Colonial day styles which are now so prevalent are also to be seen in all their original glory of pattern and line. Many of these gowns were acquired for exhibit purposes through the correspondents of the William Barr Dry Goods Company, and not a few of them are reproductions by artists from descriptions furnished by volumes in libraries and from the records of experts in the art of adorning the female form divine.

"He had a play produced by an ama-

MEN'S WATCHES

SOLID GOLD (14k) \$25.00 up

GOLD FILLED \$8.50 up

LADIES' WATCHES

SOLID GOLD (14k) \$20.00 up

GOLD FILLED \$8.50 up

We invite special attention to many new and beautiful designs in young ladies' watches for GRADUATION GIFTS

F. W. DROSTEN.
7th and Pine Sts.

teur company, the other night, I believe. Who was the hero of it, do you know?" "I was one. I sat through it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE TYROLEAN ALPS

There are many wonderful sights and places at the World's Fair, but there is none that gives to the tired tourist of the great Exposition that degree of comfort and contentment to be found in the German Tyrolean Alps. A visit to the Fair is not complete unless it includes this great resort. Here is an ideal spot to rest the tired limbs and to appease the cravings of the inner man when all the other attractions and glories of the Exposition have palled upon one. It is the most magnificent concession ever erected at any World's Fair. A scenic railroad carries the visitor through picturesque scenery exact reproductions of famous beauty spots in the original mountains, and all the while melodious strains from the finest symphony orchestra in America, composed of 100 instruments, fill valley and dale and mountain pass, and echo and re-echo among the towering hills and caverns. Two companies of Tyrolean singers and warblers are scattered over the concession and their sweet songs are wafted over the hills and through the sounding tunnels and passageways.

Here also is the largest and best equipped restaurant on the World's Fair Grounds. Seated at a table, the visitor may eat and drink with music and song and cooling breezes to make him feel merry. The service at the Alps restaurant and buffet is the very best to be had in the land and the prices are reasonable.

Near-Sighted Lady—"Is this a quarter or a nickel?" Conductor (smilingly)—"Madam, it's a beer check."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Church—"What are the favorite grounds for divorce?" Gotham—"I believe they are somewhere in South Dakota."—*Ex.*

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, Tommy, can you tell me whose day this is?" Tommy—"Yes'm; it's Bridget's. Delia

PATNT

Most any kind of Paint will please Some of the people Some of the time, But
The Horse Shoe Brand
The Strictly Pure Kind
Is made to please All of the people All of the time.
It's all Paint And no worry. The other kind Has the worry in it Don't Forget That.

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

had last Sunday out!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE WOMEN NEEDN'T WORRY

Feminine interest in the Russo-Japanese war has been confined largely to a report that the conflict has interfered so seriously with the fur industry of Siberia that sealskin coats, Russian sables and the rare skins of the dark fox will be much higher in price next winter than ever before.

Whatever increase in price may be made, the ladies can rest assured that there will be no lack of supply in the rich and costly furs which Siberian Russia furnishes. This assurance is given on the authority of R. T. Greener, United States commercial agent at Vladivostok, Siberia.

According to this officer, the manufacturers of imitation furs have become so expert that a common hare skin can now be made to resemble a valuable dark brown fox so perfectly that only an expert may discover the difference.

This, however, indicates but feebly the marvelous results produced by the chemical skill of the manufacturers of imitation furs, for Mr. Greener states that the skin of a common rabbit is chemically treated to represent fur seal and that the skins of common marmots are converted into Russian sables and sold as such. The pelt of the common arctic fox, worth \$2.50, is transformed into a dark brown fox, worth from \$30 to \$50.

The manufacture of imitation furs had grown to such large proportions that Commercial Agent Greener reported to the Department of Commerce previous to the outbreak of the war that genuine furs had declined in price to a point which threatened a panic in the fur trade.

The expose which he makes of the manufacture of imitation furs is all that is needed, however, to reassure the ladies. If the war interferes with the trapping of seals, sables and the much coveted dark brown fox, they will not be deprived of these beautiful furs.

Australia and the United States are full of rabbits and common marmots and the dyers will continue to turn out, as they have been doing, imitations that cannot be detected from the genuine.—*Chicago Chronicle*.



WON PROMOTIONS BY HIS PUNS

Canon Melville, who died the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was David, had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The Earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Perhaps the earliest instance of ecclesiastical promotion won by a pun is that of a curate named Joseph, who was prompted by Swift to take this text for a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, before the Viceroy, "Butler," the Duke of Ormond: "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

The Rev. Dr. Mountain, who was the son of a beggar, owed nearly every step of his successive promotions in

great part to his facetiousness, and won the last step of all by a single jest. When he was consulted as Bishop of Durham by George II. as to the fittest person to fill the vacant archiepiscopal see of York, he replied: "Sir, hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed thou would say to this Mountain (dramatically striking his breast), 'Be thou removed and cast into this sea (see).'" That George II. should so understand and appreciate the joke as to accept its suggestion is perhaps the strangest part of the story.

Apropos of puns, promotion and the See of York, here is a good story of a living given by an Archbishop of York in reward for an impertinent personal pun. The Archbishop, Sir William Dawes, entertained his clergy to dinner shortly after the death of his wife, Mary, who appears to have been a regular Mrs. Proudie at once to His Grace and to the diocese. At dinner the Archbishop apologized, with a sigh, for things not being in the apple-pie order that prevailed when his dear, dead wife, Mary, was alive. Being himself an inveterate punster, he added, with a shake of his head: "She, indeed, was Mare Pacificum." A curate who knew too well

what a tartar the deceased lady was, rejoined: "Aye, my lord, but she was first Mare Mortuum!" and was absolutely and immediately rewarded by the Archbishop for this impertinent pun with a living of five hundred pounds a year.—*T. P.'s Weekly*.



MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

"Talk about mystery!" observed the young married man. "Well, womankind is it. She's the most peculiar creature, and I believe she was created first, man being composed afterward of what little there was left of originality and whimsicality. I really thought I'd been terribly solid shortly after I was married, and I seriously contemplated investigating my wife's ancestry to see if there was any insanity in the family. That was one morning on our wedding journey, when she wasn't feeling well, and asked me if I'd bring her mules. 'Lovely creature,' I inwardly moaned, 'will this hallucination soon pass?' She repeated her request, and gently but firmly I told her that we had no mules, not even any horses. How she laughed. It seems mules are a certain kind of slippers to put on in private. And,

speaking of shoes, my next misunderstanding was based upon them. I was bidding her good-bye to go down town when she cautioned me about musing her shoe, even offering to take it off. I confess I was taken back. But she only removed a bit of filmy lace from her neck. 'What about your shoe?' I asked, looking down at her foot. 'Goosey,' she kindly replied, 'it's not that sort of shoe; it's a chou.' I caved. It seems there are shoes and choux."—*Philadelphia Record*.



Mgr. Farley, who has been visiting the Vatican, finds that Pope Pius has a keen sense of humor, and reports that he greatly enjoyed the following story: It was of Con Creegan's father, who, on his deathbed, was making his will, and, in order that he might have strength enough to do so was plentifully plied with punch by Con and a group of neighbors. Toward the close the dying man cried to his son: "Ah, Con, Con! Just touch my lips once more with the jug. Wisht, my son, you watered the drink." "No, indeed, father, dear," while a low murmur of pity chorused through the cabin; "but it's the taste that's lavin' ye."

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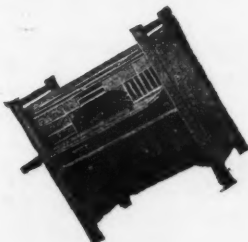
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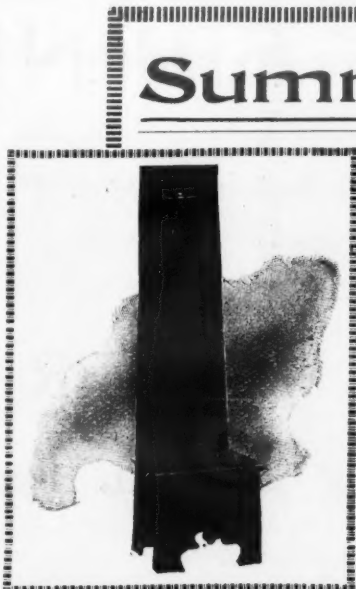
TWILIGHT OF THE BLONDE

The doom of the peroxide blonde has been sealed. Throughout the past theatrical season it has been evident that the brunette has been regaining her place in the choruses of Broadway; and now one of the leading purveyors of musical comedy has made it his settled policy to permit no false blonde to appear in his shows. As it is the avowed aim of the modern theatrical manager to follow public taste, not to lead it, it is obvious that, off the stage as on it, the vogue of the chemical blonde has come to an end. We are living in the twilight of that goddess whom we have learned to know, in post Homeric phrase, as the Per-Ox-Eyed Juno.

So far so good. It is a fact scientifically ascertained that weak-hearted man has an especially weak spot in his heart for aureate womanhood. Students of natural selection have asseverated that in the lapse of centuries the human race is becoming more and more blonde, and have even calculated the time at which the human brunette will be extinct as the dodo bird. The preference for blondes is implanted in the heart of man by all-wise Nature. Therefore, let there be no shuffling, no trifling, no gross deception. In the past one of the holiest of masculine instincts has been outraged. The youth whose amorous eye has been fixed on a maiden crowned with the aurea of perfect womanhood has been beset with doubts as to that heavenly gold—doubts that he was powerless to satisfy, perhaps even to admit to his own doting heart. For, much as the true blonde delights mankind, the falsely fair delight him not.

The true reason why Hamlet broke his engagement with Ophelia is that he suspected her of blondinity. "Are you honest?" he cries to her; and when she not unnaturally asks him what he means he explains by another question: "Are you fair?" As Ophelia is always shown as a tow-headed girl, the question can only be as to whether she is fair by nature or by chemistry. "I have heard of your paintings, too," he subjoins, and casts her off utterly. Happy Hamlet to have discovered the fraud in time! Husbands there are who have married in faith only to be disillusioned by the casual finding of the flask of hydrogen peroxide. One such unfortunate had the address to uncork the flask by night, so that the peroxide escaped, leaving plain water. His wife never knew why her hair no longer bleached, and perforce relapsed into a brunette. Long-suffering man will rise in a mass to the support of a manager who taboos the tow-headed girl.

To do so is only plain justice to the true—the divinely natural blonde, the prototype of the Overwoman of the millennial future whom her less fortunate sisters may for a time rival by resort to artful dodges, but never conquer. Entrancing creature! What does not the lordly male creature owe to her! It is she who permits him graciously to take her on the Sunday automobile ride at \$50 a day, and who, while he sits in front quieting the fears of the chaparon, passes the time of day on the tonneau with the man who is visiting her mother.



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We have the Unequaled Choice combined
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UTILITY AND AESTHETIC EFFECTS.

Pieces for each room. Very large assortment of these attractive goods.
UNEQUALED STOCK in all lines.

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BROADWAY AND LOCUST



It is she who lets him be her partner at bridge, and while he is losing a week's salary by her careless playing entertains the neighbor man at her elbow. It is she who surrounds herself with a band of devoted men slaves and with the fullness of time and the approach of old maidenhood makes one of them immediately blest by permitting him to marry her, leaving the others to a remoter realization of their felicity in the fact that she passed them over to the straggling brunettes who come, like rooks and ravens, in the wake of her destroying course. These traits, these heavenly attributes of the real blonde, the peroxide sister may imitate, but she can no more achieve them truly than she can achieve the glow of the aura of true gold.

For a mere brunette to lure man into marrying her by treating her hair with a medicine meant for gargling sore throats is shamelessly to thwart the manifest purpose of nature, to check the approach of the time when all women will be blondes, and all men, so to speak, automobile with them through life undaunted by the shadow of that other man on the tonneau, who will then be equally blest out of the plenitude of the fair.—*New York Times.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

For years she had heard her husband say,

"Can't we have pies like mother used to bake?"

At last she cried, "Why, sure we can, If you make dough like papa used to make."

—Chaparral.

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

One of the latest and best stories of absent-mindedness concerns a Pennsylvania professor. Being called out on some urgent matter recently, he affixed a notice to the door of his private sanctum, stating that he would not be back

till three o'clock in the afternoon. As it happened, he was able to get away earlier, and arrived back at his chambers a little before two o'clock. Seeing his own notice, which he had quite forgotten on the door, he read it carefully. When he had thoroughly digested its contents, he took a seat on the stairs and waited patiently until three o'clock.



A QUEEN'S APPETITE

The late ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has been described as a female bon vivant. She was also a heavy eater. Not very long ago she engaged a suite of rooms at a Swiss hotel, the proprietor of which, knowing her fondness for delicacies, served her a dinner from the best in his larder. The next morning he craved an audience of her majesty to ask if she had been satisfied with the fare. Yes, especially the dish of eggs, four of them, served on spinach; but the landlord was given to understand that the entrée did not go very far. The next evening he served fourteen eggs on spinach. They were all eaten except one.—*London Daily Chronicle.*



"Did you ever try to guess the height of a silk hat?" asked a man on a street car. "Yes? Well, here's a tougher one still. How wide is a woman's hat ordinarily?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered his companion, "but I guess they'll range from about ten to fifteen inches."

"You're away off," said the inquisitive man. "The average hat of the sugar scoop variety comes nearer two feet. That's a big estimate, I know, but there's one across the aisle of the average size. When the lady walks through the doorway, we'll make an ocular estimate of the space left on each side of the rim of her hat, and afterward measure the width of the door."

They did when the opportunity afforded, and confiding in a third passenger by way of approximating more closely, the final conclusion reached was that

there was barely one and a half inches of space between hat and door jamb on one side, and two on the other. They called it six to be liberal, and when the car started they measured the doorsill. It was twenty-five inches wide, so that the hat was approximately nineteen inches in diameter.

"That must be what makes the things cost so much," said a crusty old man, who had heard the argument and butted in with the tape measure.



THE HAPPY SPRINGTIME

Her face was happy,
His face was stern;
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in her'n.

—Greenville Sun.



"Tody" Hamilton, the ingenious press agent of the Barnum & Bailey show, took the newspaper men of New York on their annual excursion to the winter quarters at Bridgeport a few weeks ago. For their edification he arranged for a series of experiments to demonstrate how far the wild beasts would go in the consumption of strong drink. Huge pans of beer, whisky and other intoxicants were put in the cages of the animals. Some drank the liquor, and some would not go near it. As a big pan of whisky was being shoved in to the polar bear, one of "Tody's" friends, inclined to bibulousness, looked appealingly at him, and said: "Say, 'Tody,' have you got an empty cage you could put me in?"



"Don't be too quick to strike another, my boy," said the kindly old man, who had interrupted the fight; "always count ten before you do it, and then—" "Yeh," replied the boy, contemptuously, "an' den it'll be de referee dat'll be countin' ten on you."—*Philadelphia Press.*



Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents. Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.

THE RUSSIAN GRANDE DAME

When I set out for Russia numerous kind friends in England, who had never met Russian women in their lives—and did not want to—warned me against them. The advice seemed good, for was not the Russian woman in the book or the play generally the lady villain, with alluring, deceptive dark eyes and a hidden past?

But what gorgeous gowns, what regal furs, what magnificent jewels, they always wore in the book or the play! So, when a country woman who had married a Russian asked me one afternoon in St. Petersburg to meet some Russian ladies, I thought guiltily of Mother Eve and the Apple of Knowledge, then meditated upon the splendors in feminine attire which I might now see revealed—and accepted.

I entered my friend's house in fear and trembling, on account of my modest attire. But soon a number of charming women were clasping me warmly by the hand and talking in my native tongue with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, while I was trying to recover from the shock of the overwhelming cordiality and the uncomfortable feeling of being overdressed. Several of them were grandes dames of the class we bow down to and worship in England, and who extend to us a finger to shake in return for our groveling. These Russian women probably did not possess among them the practical sense sterling character and genuine spirit of helpfulness which any one English woman would have, but I imagined a man might be in a dilemma as to which of them he loved the best.

A newcomer shook the snow from her fur cap, hung it up unceremoniously in the hall, then came in, kissed the hostess on both cheeks and embraced her twice, repeating the ceremony with each of her friends in the room. Some men joined us, and one of them, an exquisite dandy, with three jeweled rings on one hand, two on the other, and wearing the bright red trousers of an officer in the Hussars, passed around his gold cigarette case. Some of the women smoked—one could not be shocked, for could not one see the same thing in London? As we separated I felt thoroughly converted to Russian femininity, and in numerous other experiences have not changed my mind.

One's incursions into the realm of the Russian grande dame are interesting, but not exciting. They differ from those one meets in London and Paris in being more democratic, however. You, the stranger, must make the first call, but few of them sit at home, like many of our great ladies in England, and arrogate to themselves the privilege of receiving but not returning calls. As soon as they know you at all well they salute you in the Russian fashion, with a kiss on the cheek. They are not countess, princess or even madame to one another, but Marie Vassilievna (Mary, the daughter of William), Natalia Ivanovna (Natalie, the daughter of John), in the affectionate and familiar Russian style of address.

They come in to see you without ceremony if they are passing your way, and

you feel perfectly free to go to their homes as you will, for a cup of tea at 9 o'clock with the family around the samovar.

A Russian woman has her shuba, a long circular coat coming down to her heels, but with a fur collar turned up high above her head, and lined with beautiful fur. Every Russian woman has one, whatever her condition, just as every English woman has her grandfather's portrait—as a matter of course.

The women put them on at the first blast of wintry wind, weeks in advance of the real cold weather, the skating and sleighing, and thereby increase their ample forms to unseemly proportions long before it is necessary. The few ladies who walk in the streets seem scarcely able to move in the long, awkward garment, while their feet are encased in big, fur-lined shoes which are positively ugly. The great ladies of Russia own wonderful jewels.—*London Daily Mail.*



OAKEN CHEST ONCE MORE

The feminine world is again taking to the use of stately and artistic coffer for chests.

The dames of the middle ages, who had no convenient bureaus in which to store their finery, were dependent upon the coffer. Some of these historic chests are marvels of delicate carving, inlay work, and painting. The greatest artists of Italy did not disdain to decorate these receptacles.

So valuable were some of the coffers that a great lady was considered well dowered if she received one on her marriage day. It was placed in her chamber, with the great bedstead and a stool or two, which were the sole furnishings. Toward the close of the eighteenth century coffers were all but discarded. Until recently specimens were found only in the museums or old castles and manor houses of Europe.

The most ancient designs are the heavily carved ones. Those who are versed in the history of furniture can tell to a nicety the age of a chest by the style of carving and quality of the wood. The earlier Renaissance specimens are almost priceless, and even copies of them are expensive. In appearance they are not unlike a coffin. There is usually a richly carved base, the long shallow body above it being slightly curved. The lid projects over the body, and is less deeply cut than the sides.

A more modern Renaissance chest, and a style which is more frequently copied, is embellished with small panels, on which appear conventionalized foliage design in line work. The shading is burned into the wood.

Gilded and enamelled coffers are also to be seen, but they are eighteenth century work and represent the period of decadence.

The modern household coffer is usually lined with silk or an art fabric. Plenty of tiny pockets are scattered over the lining, and in these are placed satchets for perfuming the contents of the box. The chests are convenient receptacles for linen, bed-clothes, draperies or garments not in use.

Those who can afford a cedar chest

need have no fear of moths. Although these ornamental boxes cost more than trunks, they will last a lifetime. They are distinctly decorative, and may be made to fit any vacant niche in a small room. The price varies with the style of decoration and wood. Some are comparatively inexpensive, while others, good imitations of the carved antique chest or the gilded and enamelled eighteenth century masterpieces, are valued as are most works of art.



NOT AT ALL DISCOURAGED

"If anyone says anything wrong, it is proper to make him take it back, isn't it?" she asked.

"Why, yes," answered the old gentleman, without looking up from his paper.

"And if he does anything wrong, you should make him take that back, too?"

"Why, of course, you—What's that?" suddenly waking up.

"Well, Jack kissed me, and I made him take it back."

"Take what back?"

"The kiss, because it was wrong."

"Oh, you did!"

"Yes; and I never knew such a persistent wrongdoer as he has been since that time."—*Chicago Evening Post.*



Recently on finishing a sermon to a country congregation, a Bishop was approached by a farmer after the service, who said: "Bishop, that was a mighty good sermon." A few minutes later

another farmer came along and said: "Bishop, that was a mighty good sermon."

"Well, what was there about it that you liked so particularly?" asked the Bishop.

"Why, I liked it so well because you were so d— common."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

PURITAN

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THE STOCK MARKET

The course of prices in the past week has been downward and very irregular. There could be noted, at times, unmistakable evidence of renewed bearish activity and insistent sporadic liquidation. With but few, and that most suspicious, exceptions, the general list displayed ominous weakness at the lower level. Support was not missing in certain ordinarily influential shares, but it seemed to attract little attention. There can be no question but that speculative feeling is again growing pessimistic. The invincibly, stubbornly apathetic attitude of the public towards the Wall street market is slowly undermining bullish hopes. Where, two weeks ago, the opinion was tenaciously clung to that a moderate advance in prices could be regarded as both justifiable and probable, gloomy, dismal foreboding are now being expressed.

The unexpectedly heavy outgo of gold to Paris is no longer viewed with affected cheerfulness and calm. The record-breaking shipments have a mystifying aspect, and bid fair to exert a nefarious influence if continued much longer. The movement has already made a serious hole into the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks. Considering the unprecedented figures of the loan account, the present amount of surplus reserves (about \$12,000,000) does not look reassuring. It is much too small for this time of the year, with the complicated industrial and speculative position which confronts us. Taken all around, there is lots of reason to trim sails in anticipation of probable squalls. We are face to face with conditions that cannot be treated lightly or indifferently.

The general business outlook is another thing that must be taken into calculating consideration. As intimated in these columns for some weeks, activity and profits in all lines of trade are contracting. This was amply proved by the weekly statements of railroads in recent times. In some important commercial branches consumptive demand is rapidly falling off. From New York it is reported that one of the largest wholesale houses there has gone into

voluntary liquidation. In addition to all this, the prospects for the winter wheat crop have suffered deterioration lately. If there should be anything like an adverse season in the spring wheat regions of the Northwest, where the acreage is expected to show an increase over that of a year ago, the consequences would be decidedly unpleasant, not alone for the producer and consumer, but likewise for the railroads and the financial world.

The oncoming Presidential campaign is an additional factor making for hesitancy and misgivings. The notion still prevails in Wall street that the tone-giving powers are secretly caballing against President Roosevelt. This idea has been much ridiculed of late, but cannot be suppressed, it would seem. Of course, we must bear in mind that in times like these, when distrust is ubiquitous and strong, people are disposed to magnify everything into grotesque proportions.

The Paris market showed accentuated weakness latterly. This was but natural, considering the heavy losses sustained by French investors through the sharp fall in Russian securities. In the course of time, the unfortunate and unnecessary war in the Orient will be of burdensomely telling influence, not only in Paris, but also in Berlin, London and New York. The struggling powers have already floated large-sized loans. A prolongation of the conflict should make further loans inevitable. Contingencies of this kind are anxiously pondered in the world of international finance. They are apt to frustrate all attempts at bull speculation for an indefinite length of time. It is estimated that the daily cost of the war cannot be less than \$3,000,000. A little figuring should make it clear to every intelligent brain that there are some other vital interests at stake in the fighting in Manchuria besides those of Russia and Japan. If, as is now feared, China should eventually also be drawn into the war's vortex, things would be complicated to an extent that should make it possible for a good many plungers in Europe to experience the exquisite feelings of a "cold sweat." Let's hope the two contending nations may soon arrive at the end of their world-disturbing argument. An indefinite continuation thereof would benefit neither one nor the other, and do an infinite amount of mischief to people who are only passively interested.

Persistent selling by indubitably inside interests has caused quite a drop in United States Steel shares. Both common and preferred are coming out in respectable chunks on every little rise. Some authorities believe that the dissolution of the last underwriting syndicate was the immediate cause of this liquidation. Pittsburg parties are said to be aggressively bearish on the steel issues. Intimations are again heard that a cut in the preferred dividend rate cannot be much longer deferred. There must certainly be some cogent reasoning behind this selling. Insiders are, as a rule, not inclined to throw their holdings overboard at sharply reduced prices. If the bonds and shares of the

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the local market. Trading in the past week has been artificial and narrow. But little change in quotations was brought about in consequence of the few transactions. It is being recognized by thoughtful traders that there is no special inducement at this time to begin bulling the market. It will surely be best for all concerned if trading is kept on a small, conservative scale for a while longer. Certain bank shares appear to be most popular for the present.

In the bank and trust company group, Commonwealth proved the strongest attraction. It rose to 262 on comparatively small sales. Lincoln Trust continues firm. The last sale of an odd lot

Steel Trust are being sold by the ream at bottom prices, important developments may be looked for with reasonable certainty.

As matters stand, the speculative situation and outlook are anything but pleasing or promising. Ugly rumors, distrust-breeding uncertainties permeate and surround and trouble the Wall street community from day to day. The public cannot be expected to bring relief. The money market is likely to be perturbed by gold exports and war loans. The industrial position is weakening; the railroads are borrowing right and left. Only the other day, the St. Louis and San Francisco found itself compelled to issue 4½ per cent bonds to take up four per cents. The New York Central is about to issue more bonds to the tune of \$50,000,000. Other companies are considered likely to follow suit. That, in the face of all these things, a rise in stocks is impossible, is something that only the irredeemable optimist would care to controvert.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is mighty little to be said about

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EveningsSavings Account Department
remains open till 7:30 for convenience
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ST. LOUIS

was made at 197. Missouri Trust is quoted at 118 bid. For American Central 151 is bid, for Title Guaranty 75 is asked. Commerce is offering at about 289½. International rose to 205, a sale of 25 shares being made at this figure. St. Louis Transit has slid down some. At this writing, it is selling at 14½, with 14 bid, 14½ asked. United Railways preferred was actively sold in the last few days. It has dropped back to 58. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 81½ bid.

The St. Louis Brewing 6s are offering at 96¾, with 96¼ bid. For St. Louis Transfer 75 is asked, for National Candy common 12, for St. Joe Lead 15½, for Central Coal and Coke common 62. There is nothing doing in mining shares, though some brokers diligently strive to make a market for them.

At the banks business is reported in normal volume. Interest rates remain unchanged at 4½ to 5½ per cent. Clearances made a better showing last week. Sterling is steady at \$4.87¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

X. Y. Z., Alton, Ill.—The county bonds mentioned are first-class. Think you paid a fair price. They are subject to call on and after July 1st, 1910.

H. H.—Would sell Ontario & Western. Think Wabash preferred should go lower. Kansas & Texas preferred no purchase at present.

F. R. E., Hastings, Neb.—New York Central pays 5 per cent. Better defer buying. People's Gas should be let alone. American Smelting common a dubious proposition.

A stranger walked into a Georgia hotel, and began to descant upon the wonders of psychology, declaring that he could tell a man's political preferences by looking at him, so strong is the mark left upon one's face by his opinions. One man was skeptical, and offered to bet the cigars that the stranger could do no such thing. "Done!" said the mind-reader; "you yourself are for Cleveland." He was right, but the scoffer muttered: "An accident." "You," he said to another, "prefer Parker." He was right again, and "Wonderful!" said the crowd. Turning to a third, he said, "And you are for Hearst." "You are a liar," was the unexpected response, delivered with heat and indignation; "I have been sick; that is the reason I look this way."

Lady—"I think you are the worst-looking tramp I have ever seen." Tramp—"Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that I look so bad!"—*Scraps*.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by a German Mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had engaged to speak. The Mayor said: "Ladies und shentlemens: I asked haf been to indrottoose to you the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you vill make a speech, yes. I haf now done so, und he vill now do so."

SO LIKE HIM

Herbert stopped rowing, ostensibly to rest.

"Amelia," he said, with an elaborate affectation of unconcern, to the young woman sitting in the stern of the boat, there's a friend of mine that's head over heels—head over ears, I mean—in love with a beautiful girl, and as good as she is beautiful. He has known her ever so many years, and he has been going to see her a long time, but he's too big a coward—that's what he says—to ask her, you know, if—"

Here his voice trembled a little, and he stopped to wipe his perspiring brow.

"Beautiful girl, is she?" queried the young woman, idly dipping her fingers in the water at the side of the boat.

"Loveliest in the world—that's what he says, I mean."

"What's her name?"

"He—he'd rather not have her name mentioned."

"Friend of yours, you say? Who is he?"

"Oh, I don't dare to tell you who he is. He might not like it."

"Very much in love with her, is he?"

"Clean gone. He says it makes him fairly ache!"

"And he is afraid to tell her so?"

"Yes; he—he says he can't guess from the way she treats him whether she—likes him or not. He's a coward—that's what he is."

"What are you telling me about him for?"

"Well, he—he asked me what I thought he'd better do, and I couldn't advise him. I suppose I—I'd be just as big a coward as he is. That's why I'm asking you. We—what do you think he ought to do? Tell her and run the risk?"

"I am sure I don't know."

Herbert gasped, swallowed—and changed the subject.

"Isn't this water clear?" he said. "You can see the sand and stones at the bottom. How deep it is, and yet how transparent!"

"Yes," she said. "So like you, Herbert."

* * * * *

"Dear girl," he whispered, fifteen minutes later, as he stroked her pompadour caressingly, "how did you know I was telling you my own story?"

"Oh, you goose!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

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MAZUZ AND MAZETTE,
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Parisian Novelty Dancers.
BAADER, LAVELLE AND
LEFEVRE,
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ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE
Reserved Seats 25c and 50c.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD ONES

The advertisement columns of the *Times* recently contained an announcement by two individuals who had hitherto borne the name of Juggins that by deed-poll they had respectively assumed and taken for themselves, and their respective wives and children, the surname of Pearce in lieu of their patronymic. No doubt this advertisement has contributed its mite to the gaiety of the nation; but after all, the best laugh is with the ex-Jugginses. Perhaps nobody who has not endured such a name can fully realize the relief of getting rid of it. The closest parallel, probably, is the case of a lifelong victim of dyspepsia, who has at last discovered an infallible cure. Maybe total relief is not quite immediate.

Mr. Juggins, or Mr. Gotobed, or Mr. Pickles, or Mr. Bugg (all these are names that have been changed within my experience) is very like a young bride in some ways. Mrs. Brown is occasionally greeted by old acquaintances as Miss Smith, and for a few weeks may find herself sometimes signing letters by her old name; and so must it be with the ex-Gotobeds. But before long the old incubus will be only as the memory of a nightmare.

The only wonder is that more sufferers do not seek the easy escape that is open to them. No act of Parliament is necessary; even the royal license, whereby, for instance, Miss Burdett became Miss Burdett-Couts, and Mr. Henry Brodribb Mr. Henry Irving, is a needlessly expensive luxury. There is no sanctity attached to surnames in England; they seem even to be inferior to Christian names in this respect. Lord Chief Justice Coke declared that "a man may have divers names at divers times, but not divers Christian names;" the explanation apparently being that surnames were a comparatively modern convenience, and probably originated in some accidental circumstances of property, person or occupation, while Chris-

tian names were conferred by a solemn act inseparably connected with the religion of those who bore them (baptism), and could only be changed at confirmation. However, it is now certain that both Christian and surnames are changeable at pleasure. All that is required to give the change validity is publicity, with evidence that no fraud is intended. The deed-poll and advertisement are simply handy ways of making the fact notorious.

Of course, change of name is not always a flight from evil. People who are perfectly satisfied with their old names may take new ones because of advantages connected therewith. An instance in point is the case of Sir Charles Dalrymple, who would still be Ferguson with his elder brother Sir James if he had not inherited the property of his great-grandfather, Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes); while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was simply Mr. Campbell until he took his maternal grandfather's name in 1872. Change or extension of name in connection with the inheritance of property is not at all uncommon in Scotland. And while we are referring to parliamentarians, it is not irrelevant to note Mr. Arnold-Forster's acquisition of the second part of his surname from his adopted father, Mr. W. E. Forster, and to recall an incident of the Lytton family history. The great Thomas Littleton (of Coke-upon-Littleton fame) would have been a Westcote if Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas de Littleton, had not insisted, when marrying Thomas Westcote, that their children should be Littletons still.

But usually, without doubt, a new name is taken because the old is displeasing. We need not linger over the occupants of the dock, whose aliases have been adopted without deed-poll or other formality, for sufficient reasons; or over the professional names of writers and actors, assumed because their original names are less euphonious or because, for one reason or another, they may wish at first to keep their family and public names distinct. In ordinary life the simplest change of name is some slight modification of spelling; thus Wellington wrote his name Arthur Wesley in 1797 and Arthur Wellesley in 1798. Changes of that kind are familiar enough in less exalted circles, and no royal license is asked for as the Smiths gradually become Smythes and the Browns Brownes. "The Smith that's spelled without a 'y' is not the Smith for me," so said Max Adeler's Mrs. Jones, and so say many of the Smiths. As to the hyphening of some distinctive words, such as Harrison or Montmorency, with plain Smith or Jones, it is of manifest public advantage, as helping the community to avoid regrettable confusions.

No such mere modification, however, will avail the unhappy people whose names are hopelessly ridiculous.—*St. James Gazette, London.*

Mrs. Jawworker—"So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?"

Bridget—"Indade, ye have, mum, an' Oi've shtood it as long as Oi'm goin' to!"—*Smart et.*



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VANITY FAIR

The dog caddie is the striking innovation that presents itself in spring golfing in the East. Some young women have introduced the dog caddie upon the links with great success, and others are buying and training dogs in order to follow the example. Some predict, indeed, that in time the golf fields will be as thickly sprinkled with dog as with boy caddies. "What advantage, as a caddie, has the dog over the boy?" was the question put, the other day, to the originator of the dog-caddie idea, by a representative of the *Tribune*. She replied: "The boy caddie costs from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents an hour. An afternoon's golfing with a boy eats a big hole in a dollar. But a dog caddie costs nothing. With the boy caddie you are constantly losing balls. Balls cost three and four dollars a dozen, and, when one disappears, your boy is none too anxious to help you find it, for, if he finds it later himself, he can sell it at a good price. But with the dog caddie you will never lose a ball. The dog, with his fine sense of smell, will trail a golf ball as he would a rabbit. Boy caddies break appointments. But the faithful dog caddie never fails. The dog caddie, to sum up, is more industrious, more obedient, more sympathetic than the boy, and he is many times cheaper." The young woman, on a sunny April morning, was golfing. Ben stood beside her, silent, respectful, sympathetic—boys are not always so. She took her driver from Ben's back and she made a good, long drive, but the ball flew a little wild. It lighted in a tuft of tall weeds. Ben, with long, easy bounds, made after it. He nosed through the tall weeds, found it, and stood with it in his mouth. "Now," said the young woman, "I would have been ten or fifteen minutes finding that ball, and perhaps I'd never have found it. As for the average caddie, I'm sure he would never have found it. He wouldn't even have looked for it. He would only have pretended." It has been found that the best way to fasten the sticks to the dog is by means of a stout harness with loops, two or three on each side.

Perhaps the story that comes from Washington—that Miss Alice Roosevelt recently bet on the races at the Benning track and thereby incurred her father's deep displeasure and received a sentence of banishment from Washington during the remainder of the season—ought to be received with caution, but the story is rather detailed and circumstantial and not inconsistent with Miss Alice's known vivacious disposition. It is said that it was on Saturday, April 2d, that Miss Roosevelt went to the races and made bets. A photographer pictured her in the act of giving money to a commissioner; of showing her winnings triumphantly to Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts; of giving money to Representative Longworth of Ohio, presumably to bet; and in two groups watching the horses running. Miss Roosevelt drove over to Benning with a party of friends. Representative Longworth, of Ohio, was her especial

escort. Miss Roosevelt is an enthusiast about horses. She rides with her father and has followed the hounds. She went to the clubhouse as the guest of President Howland, of the Washington Jockey Club. There were betting commissioners at the clubhouse—nice, polite young men employed to take the wagers of the clubhouse guests to the ring. Miss Roosevelt wanted to bet. She did not make big wagers. She put a bet on Mon Amour in the second race because she liked the name, and bet on Twilight in the steeplechase. A photographer was about with a portable camera. He secured five pictures, with Miss Roosevelt in each. In one she was talking very seriously to the betting commissioner, evidently giving instructions just how she wanted her favorite horse played. The photographer took his pictures home and printed them. He realized that he had an attractive feature for any newspaper that prints pictures, and he started out bright and early to realize on his enterprise. He offered the pictures to the highest bidder among the newspaper men, and the bids were instant and high. The photographer was to round up his offers after he returned from the track in the evening, and sell the pictures for exclusive publication for the best price. In some way the news reached the President that pictures showing Miss Roosevelt at the race track had been taken and offered for sale. He made hasty inquiries, found that five pictures had been printed and sent out friends to stop their publication. He was successful. Then he had a "serious talk" with Alice, and she started for New York on a visit next morning—all of which, of course, is according to the story which emanates from Washington.

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

A REAL CONVERSATION

[On the departure platform at Paddington.]

She—You won't forget to write, will you?

He—Rather not.

She—You promised, you know.

He—Right you are. I shan't forget.

[A pause.] I think you're off now.

She—Are we? Good-by. [They kiss.]

He—Sure you've got everything you want?

She—Quite, thanks. [A pause.]

He—This is an awfully long train.

She—Is it?

He—Rather. I expect—

Guard—Tickets, please!

She—That's the third time I've shown my ticket. What were you going to say?

He—I don't know. What were we talking about?

She—I forgot. Oh, you were saying about this being an awfully long train.

He—Oh, yes. I was going to say, I expect they've got two engines on.

She—I hope so. I do hate being late, don't you?

He—Rather. [A pause. The train begins to move.]

Guard—Stand back, please.

SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European year, through his Committee on Play- that were brought to this country for his visit. For Park addition, the lands, only one of these These day- has, never been seen in this manner so as to keep the children High in this year a sample of the hot summer and fare excellence of programme to be in keep them off the streets. The direct re-

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NEVER VARIES
WHY ???
OWN MORE VINEYARDS THAN
ALL OTHER LEADING HOUSES
COMBINED ASSURING THE
CONTINUANCE OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE OF CHAMPAGNE IN
WHITE-SEAL
GEO. A. KESSLER & CO., SOLE IMPORTERS, NEW YORK.

He—Confound it!—Keble Howard in *London Daily Mail*.

AN ATTENTIVE HUSBAND

"Is your seat comfortable, dear?" he asked when they had got settled in the theater.

"Yes, it is very nice," said the wife, smiling pleasantly.

"Feel any draught, dear?"

"Not a particle."

"No big hats in front of you, dear?"

"Not one."

"No posts in the way?"

No; I'm very comfortable."

"Then change seats with me, dear."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

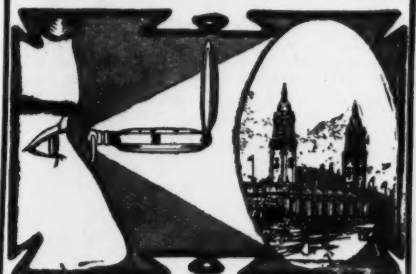
Little Dolly had been sitting opposite a guest with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has smellers, too."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Lascadio Hearn, writing from Japan, says that when Oyama, chief of the Japanese general staff, was judge-advocate, he attended a ball at Tokio one night. He was standing near a doorway, when a beautiful European woman swept by, and so greatly did her charms impress Judge Oyama that he exclaimed involuntarily: "What a lovely woman!" She overheard him. With a little smile she looked back over her shoulder, and, recognizing him, she said: "What an excellent judge!"

"How much better off a man would

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be if he would take his wife's advice!" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "I have told Charley time and again not to bet on horses that don't win. But he will do it."—*Washington Star*.

The Mirror

"In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet?"

THE 1000 ISLANDS.

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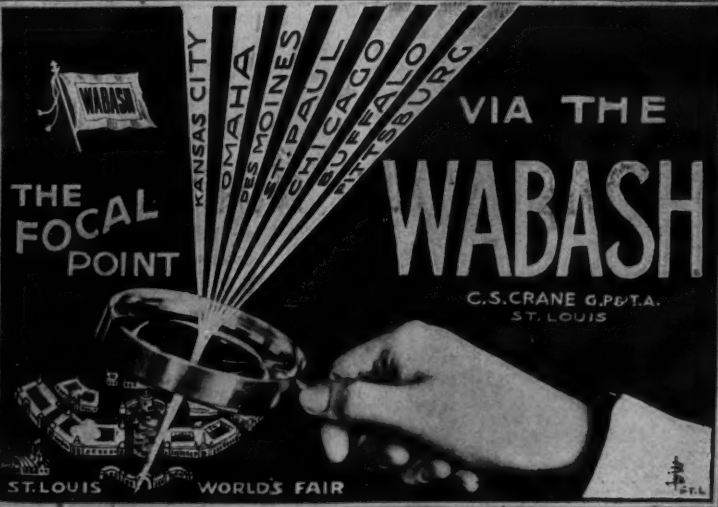
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